SEP 21 1929

THE VIRGINIA QUARTERLY REVIEW

OCTOBER 1929

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Maxim Gorki . . . . . Stefan Zweig
Tolerance and the New Knowledge . . . Raymond B. Fosdick
Toward a Foreign Policy . . . . . Pierre Crabitès
Donkey's Delight . . . . . Stringfellow Barr
The Ten French Novels Which I... . . . . André Gide
Poetry . . . . . Hervey Allen, John Bryan
The South's Lost Leadership . . . . . J. N. Aiken
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NO PROBLEM in America calls for more thoughtful consideration than the proper solution of the industrial situation in the South. BRUCE CRAWFORD in the July Virginia Quarterly presented one phase of it in "Whose Prosperity?" BROADUS MITCHELL, economist of The Johns Hopkins University, approaches it quite differently in his article in this issue. MR. MITCHELL is the author of the recently published "William Gregg: Factory Master of the Old South" (North Carolina Press). He has written other papers for the Quarterly, including another on industrial conditions, "Fleshpots in the South."

The article "Maxim Gorki" was first prepared in honor of Gorki's sixtieth birthday. STEFAN ZWEIG, author of "Conflicts" and "Adepts in Self-Portraiture" and adaptor of the version of "Volpone" recently acted in New York, is one of the most powerful of present-day writers of German. The translation is by LETTICE LATANÉ SPARROW. Gorki, by the way, has a new novel coming out in America this autumn, "The Bystander" (Cape and Smith).

Readers of earlier articles by RAYMOND B. FOSDICK in the Virginia Quarterly will find the same vigorous courage of the progressive that marked "If Majorities Are Wrong?" in the April, 1928, Quarterly, an article which drew wide attention both in America and abroad in translation. The substance of these earlier articles is used by MR. FOSDICK in his recently published "The Old Savage in the New Civilization" (Doubleday, Doran). MR. FOSDICK, a lawyer in New York, was a member of the secretariat of the League of Nations, of which he is an earnest advocate.

An American judge on the Mixed Tribunals of Egypt, PIERRE CRABITÈS has been a contributor to the Virginia Quarterly for five years and writer for many publications.

THE VIRGINIA QUARTERLY REVIEW

A NATIONAL JOURNAL OF DISCUSSION

Edited by JAMES SOUTHALL WILSON

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THE GREEN-ROOM II

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The Green-Room

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His unique experience, bringing him into contact with all sorts of international complications in Cairo, and his Louisianian birth of French descent add a piquancy to his views on the foreign policy of the United States.

"Donkey's Delight," a modern fable, will recall the discussion among readers in April, 1928, as to whether "Little Yellow Dog" was to be read as sentiment or irony. Stringfellow Barr, author of both, was formerly managing editor of the Virginia Quarterly.

André Gide, the eminent French novelist, whose "The School for Wives" (Knopf) is scheduled for Autumn publication, is the author of the strangely experimental novel, "The Counterfeiters." In the first of this series of articles, M. Gide discussed "Classicism"; in this number he selects his favorite ten French novels and pays tribute to some of other languages. Stringfellow Barr is the translator.

Hervey Allen, one of the founders of the Poetry Society of South Carolina and for several years a resident of Charleston, is a native of Pennsylvania. His recent home has been Somerset, Bermuda. "The Blindman" and "Earth Moods" are his latest volumes of verse, with "New Legends" (Farrar and Rinehart) announced for early publication. "Israfel" and "Toward the Flame" in prose are recent publications. "Sylvan Midnight" is the third printing of John Bryan's work in this Quarterly. Nebraska, Florida, Virginia, North Carolina, and Wisconsin have been in turn his home. Two volumes of his verse have been printed for private circulation.

The Norfolk Virginian-Pilot has attracted wide attention for the courage and vigor of its editorial page: J. N. Aiken is associate editor. Besides being a writer for several magazines, he is a correspondent on political topics of the New York Times.

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The Green-Room

(*Continued from page* IV)

The article by James Southall Wilson, editor of the Virginia Quarterly, was not written as an answer to Mr. Aiken's contentions. The two papers discuss so differently two phases of the same theme that it seemed appropriate to print them together.

Walter de la Mare is now among the acknowledged masters of modern English in both prose and poetry. "Willows" will take its place in the group of his strange atmospheric studies in psychology. Readers will recall Mr. de la Mare's story, "The Three Sleeping Boys of Warwickshire," which was first printed in The Virginia Quarterly.

Kenneth Murdock of the English Department of Harvard University, author of "Increase Mather" and other studies in American literature, is one of the editors of "The New England Quarterly" and of "American Literature." Sidney L. McGee, while connected with the Department of Romance Languages of the University of Tennessee, has contributed frequently to periodicals especially as a reviewer of French fiction. This review is based upon the French original. George Morgan of Philadelphia is the author of "The True Patrick Henry," "The Life of James Monroe," and other works in American history. The other reviewers have written before for the Quarterly. Frederick P. Mayer is a member of the faculty of the University of Pittsburgh. Edward Wagenknecht of the University of Washington has recently published "Utopia Americana" in the University of Washington Chapbooks. His "The Man Charles Dickens" (Houghton Mifflin) and "A Guide to Bernard Shaw" (Appleton) are announced for autumn publication. Allen W. Porterfield of the University of West Virginia is publishing this fall an edition with full annotations of five of Schnitzler's *Novellen* and two of his *Dramen* (D. C. Heath). J.

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THE GREEN-ROOM

(*Continued from page* VI)

G. DE ROULHAC HAMILTON of the University of North Carolina is himself an historian and author of many books. MARIE G. KIMBALL of Philadelphia has shown her familiarity with their period by her writings on William Short and Thomas Jefferson. ARCHIBALD HENDERSON of the University of North Carolina is Shaw's biographer and the author of many works on literature and American history. STRINGFELLOW BARR of the University of Virginia is on the staff of the Virginia Quarterly Review.

THE VIRGINIA QUARTERLY REVIEW

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Advisory Editors

EDWIN A. ALDERMAN — JOHN CALVIN METCALF
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I've spent the summer idling over a few books, never dreaming of this *chef d'oeuvre* of the fall. Still, just to prove that Peter has not been asleep all the summer, or looking at castles in Spain, I can say that he read ***Eric Maria Remarque's*** "All Quiet on the Western Front" (Little Brown. $2.50), ***W. R. Burnett's*** "Little Caesar" (Dial. $2.00), and ***Evelyn Scott's*** "The Wave" (Cape and Smith. $2.50), and talked of them incessantly—in his waking moments. If you happen to have missed them, give yourself time to go back and pick them up. Also he—I, that is, now that apologies are over—dipped into "The Intelligent Man's Guide to Marriage and Celibacy" (Bobbs Merrill. $3.50)—for consolation. Incidentally the contest is still on to determine the identity of the author, who poses as ***Juanita Tanner,*** granddaughter of G. B. S. A free copy of the book goes to any one who guesses right. The trick, of course, is that you have to buy a copy and read it in order to make a guess—and who wants two copies of so devastating a book? Anyway, the publishers are clever enough. . . . Then, of course, there are ***Ellen Glasgow's*** "They Stooped to Folly" (Doubleday. $2.50) and ***Julian Green's***

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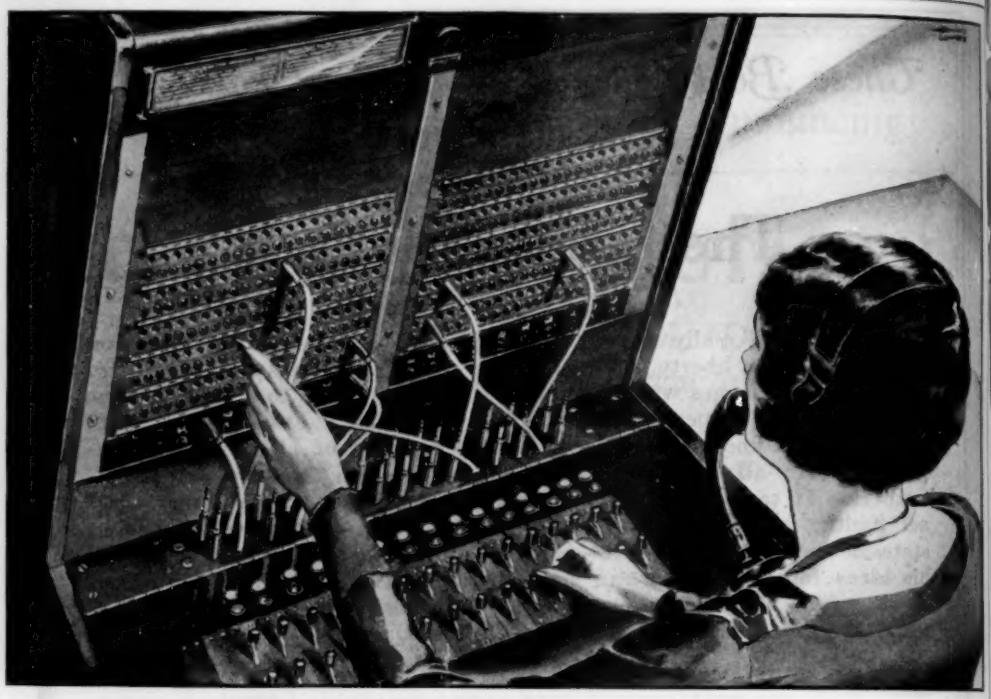

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THE VIRGINIA QUARTERLY REVIEW

VOL. 5 OCTOBER 1929 No. 4

WHY CHEAP LABOR DOWN SOUTH?

BY BROADUS MITCHELL

AT THIS writing there are probably more workers on strike in the textile South (some ten thousand) than ever before in the fifty years of the history of the industry. These strikes are in the new rayon mills of German corporations at Elizabethton, Tennessee, and in cotton factories in the two Carolinas.

The next largest number out at one time was probably in 1921, in the after-war deflation period, when members of the United Textile Workers were fighting against wage reductions with backs to the wall. At Charlotte, Concord, and Kannapolis, North Carolina, and at Rock Hill, South Carolina, and elsewhere, long-drawn contests ended in complete failure for the workers.

The country is taking unusual interest in the present strikes, whether conducted by the conservative United Textile Workers (affiliated with the American Federation of Labor) as in Tennessee, by the National Textile Workers' Union, as in North Carolina, or "leaderless," as in South

Carolina. The reason for this interest is that these strikes have an important bearing upon the future history of the textile industry in America. There has been some organization of labor in the Southern mills from time to time beginning with 1898, with resulting strikes, both long and bitter; but never before has so much national concern been aroused.

The strikes now in progress come at a time when the cotton, rayon, knitting and, to a less extent, the finishing industries are in migration from the North to the South, impelled particularly by the desire to avail themselves of low labor costs prevailing below the Potomac. Much as this drift in one of the country's major industries implies, the situation is rendered more critical by the generally uncertain way in which cotton manufacturing finds itself by reason of the competition of artificial silk, the lessened demand for women's cotton dress goods (fifty years ago a woman wore nine pounds of cotton and now her clothing, mostly not cotton, weighs nine ounces), and the growing ability of the Far East to supply its own needs.

If the saving in cost of production of cotton goods in the South as compared with the North, amounting to ten to sixteen per cent., is going to be diminished, it means that decay of the old textile seats in New England and the Middle States will to that extent be arrested, and the spectacular movement of mills southward, which has gone on for upwards of a decade, will be checked.

Interest centers less in whether the Southern strikers gain their demands, than in the indirect consequences of the present outburst—whether unionism gets a foothold, whether public sentiment is aroused to effect improvement in low standards of labor.

Conjectures in answer to these important questions can be intelligent only as they consider first the query, Why has Southern cotton mill labor been conspicuously passive heretofore, in the face of low wages and long hours?

Three points of departure present themselves: 1. The character of the workers; 2. Policies of the employers; 3. Opinion of the public.

1. The operatives, some 280,000 of them, or sixty per cent. of all the cotton mill workers in the country, are almost entirely the Southern Poor Whites. Before the Civil War, slavery pushed them out of the picture. They became tenant farmers, or "share-croppers" in the coastal plain and plateau, or moved gradually back to the hills where they eked out a primitive existence. They were mostly illiterate. Except for a few who were engaged as overseers, those in the plantation districts were victims of a credit system of the landlords which left them little if any real money at the end of the year. Those in the mountains had nothing to sell, or small means of getting out their products if they did; they managed to live with hunting, and by scant crops grown on steep slopes. All the things which have since been said about the sloth and ignorance of the Negro were said in full measure of these Poor Whites. There were few industrial enterprises in the South then, and such as there were often used Negro workers.

When, fifteen years after the Civil War, cotton factories began to be built in the South, the Poor Whites became the operatives. The mill builders had two motives in using this labor supply—it would be profitable because plentiful and cheap, and it would be an act of charity and patriotism to give them work in their needy state. If one is inclined to doubt the second motive, he must remember that the South had just come through the Reconstruction period, when all Southern whites were drawn closely together in opposition to the carpetbaggers and Negroes, and furthermore, a large number of persons in the local communities where mills were projected, occupying positions of importance, acknowledged an appeal to their sense of responsibility. Often, also, merchants believed that creation of a payroll was their only salvation.

These two "drives"—profit and philanthropy—have continued side by side in the history of the Southern cotton manufacturer's dealings with his workers. As time has gone on, the desire for profit has outstripped that of service for its own sake, so much so that the latter is now only a gesture accompanying the former.

The workers came as a body from the country in the beginning; as the industry has expanded new recruits have constantly been transferred from the farms, and even those families which have been for several generations in the mills have relatives back on the land with whom they keep in touch. The Southern factory "hand" has therefore had a rural mind. Industry has remained a new experience. It has been a rescue. The mills have meant release from an agricultural serfdom, and they have brought relatively certain cash wages. These two prime benefits have acted to postpone criticism of the employer on the part of the worker. The operatives have thought of themselves, with the old pride that goes with poverty on the farms, as individuals, not as members of a group or class. This was the only expression of self-respect open to them.

Many of the first mills being located on isolated water powers, managements immediately built villages for the accommodation of the tenants and mountaineers who were being drawn in as workers. The Graniteville Factory in South Carolina, before the Civil War, had offered an example of a model village after which others patterned. When mills began to use steam power, and moved to the neighborhood of towns and little cities, they continued to build their own communities of workers' cottages, partly because there were no other housing facilities, and partly to be able to control their labor. These were company-owned towns, and as years passed they became more and more elaborate, and contained, besides homes, stores, schools and churches, welfare buildings, swimming pools, barns and pastures for milk cows, movies, restaurants, day nurseries, and whole social service departments.

The paternalism of the company town—systematized, all-inclusive, and at the same time intimate—has done more than any other one thing to make the workers uncomplaining and dependent. They have not owned their homes. The employer meant to the workers much besides a provider of wages; he was their religious, social, and domestic mentor as well. He charged himself with preserving health and morals in the community. Consequently the workers could not protest against low wages or long hours or the prevalence of child labor without jeopardizing their contentment in every other direction. The church and the school, not to speak of the welfare departments, have been sponsored and contributed to by the employers, and have been engines of his will and servers of his convenience. These villages not being incorporated places, inhabitants do not vote for local officers. There are no police, but rather deputy sheriffs appointed by the county but paid by the company.

The operatives in company towns have been stall fed. They have received a considerable part of their compensation in kind—gardens, medical attention, free pasturage, wood and coal at cost, and, above all, exceedingly low rents (about a dollar per room per month). They have not known what it is to live on a cash wage as such. Their wages have been so low that all available members of a family have had to work in the mill, and the companies refuse to let houses except to families which can furnish two, three, or sometimes even four workers to the factory. Hence it has been hard for one or two members of a family to break away to another employment.

Living under patronage, the mill population has come to rely heavily upon the company and its agencies for supervision and relief. I do not mean that a large measure of tutelage over a long period of years has not been necessary and highly beneficial. Probably nothing less could have brought the Poor Whites back to life. But the company-owned mill village has some time since become a means of repression of the worker, consciously maintained by the

employer because profitable in dollars and cents. Some managements recently coming to the South have preferred to locate in or near a town, where a special village would not be required, or have at least used the regular schools and churches of the community. Others have experimented with selling homes to operatives.

Being in separate communities has given the workers the feeling that they are different from other people. In some cases even where the mill is located in a city it has its own village, a sort of island in the general population, with its own public institutions. The butcher, the baker, and the candlestick maker look upon the "cotton mill people" as undesirable, and these factory workers have been given an "inferiority complex," which is generally dulling in effect, but sometimes, as in election campaigns conducted by demagogues who raise the issue of the Negro, gives vent to irrational assertiveness. Physical separation has made this population ingrowing. In a political and social sense it is like the results of repeated intermarriage among relatives. The people do not come in contact with common currents; they are shut off, for example, from such groups of organized workers as the South possesses, say, in the building trades.

Low wages and long hours have not allowed them the means or energy necessary for turning their attention to plans of collective self-help. In 1927 (the latest year for which there are complete figures) the average Southern cotton mill worker received a wage of $637.17, or $12.24 per week. Earnings in the North were in 1926 about fifty-five per cent. higher than those in the South. In 1926 the average full-time hours in the South were 55.58 per week, and in the North, 51.24. The legal limit in North Carolina and Georgia is sixty hours, in South Carolina fifty-five; Alabama has no legal limit. On the other hand, Massachusetts, the most important New England State, has a limit of forty-eight hours. The eleven-hour day and twelve-hour night are common in the South. These conditions

present an anachronism the endurance of which by circumscribed workers is less remarkable than the complaisance with which they have been viewed by the general public. The proportion of women and children in the Southern industry has made organized protest difficult. For example, in 1919, thirty-six per cent. of the workers were women and 4.9 per cent. were boys and girls under sixteen.

A considerable block of the cotton mill workers have not entered protest against their conditions because they cherish the idea of going back to the land, perhaps saving enough from their wages to buy farms. They have thus looked upon their stay in industry as temporary; in most instances their hope has flitted before them, but nevertheless the pursuit has persuaded them to endure hardships rather than jeopardize their aim. Some workers, also, have been sending money back to needy relatives in the country, and these also are reluctant to endanger their earnings.

Collective sentiment and labor organization have encountered obstacles in the scattered location of mills. The industry in the Southern States is not nearly so concentrated as in England, New England, or Pennsylvania. It reaches from Virginia to Texas, and, while plants are thickest in the Piedmont region, they are also distributed over the coastal plane and reach constantly farther and farther up into the mountains. The Piedmont Organizing Council, an attempt this last winter to educate the workers toward unionism, has had to confine itself to one district, and still has had to meet each month at a different point. A proportion of the operatives, variously estimated at from ten to thirty per cent., are "floaters," and drift from mill to mill and village to village. This might be thought to produce a desirable effect in unifying sentiment over the whole area, but it does not, for these families are in search of a slight advantage, or move from mere restlessness.

Textile unions in the North, to which Southern workers have had to look for incentive and support in organization,

have been weak and at cross purposes. Probably never have more than fifteen per cent. of the operatives in the industry the country over been unionized; at present the unions may contain six per cent. of the workers. The unions have fought each other on the issue of craft as against industrial form of organization; there are some unions confined to one district, while others attempt national scope. The largest organization, the United Textile Workers, upon which the South has relied chiefly, is opposed at intervals in its conservative policy by sudden and short-lived activity of radical leaders from outside. With the drift of the industry from the North, the stable union has found itself low in funds and morale at the very time when energetic efforts are needed in the South.

The Southern industry has not yet reached its limit in labor resources of the rural Poor Whites. Between 1925 and 1927, 34,416 additional operatives were reported. Almost none of these came from outside the South, and most were taken from farming. A decade ago, when the industry had been suddenly stimulated by war demand, it was believed the supply of those who could be pulled from the plough or coaxed down out of the mountains was running short, but since then three influences have made it easier for mills to get help: the industry has been depressed for the last six years, producing under-employment; the boll weevil has driven many off the land; and there has been a general movement from country to town, greatly increasing the South's proportion of urban population. The present strikes come at a moment when there are more operatives walking the streets than for a year or so previous. There has never in the history of the industry been a time when workers could not be replaced fairly readily with people anxious to get the jobs.

The work in Southern mills has been relatively unskilled and quickly learned. This, of course, means it has been hard for the hands to protect their jobs. The work, how-

ever, in recent years has been becoming more skilled and varied; particularly it has been speeded up, so that now observers declare that certain Southern operatives are in every way equal in training and efficiency to those in New England. On the other hand, with the present tendency of cotton manufactures back to coarser products, experience will probably count for less than was promised.

2. One is bound to say that the tradition of Southern chivalry is at a discount when it touches the relations of cotton mill managements with their workers. The operatives have been given an overdose of sugar in the way of village paternalism, but have regularly and universally been denied the bread and meat of reasonable wages and hours. The true attitude of the employer, not to be excused by his protest that he knows best what is good for "his people," has come out in instances of labor organization and strikes. Boasted friendliness of mills to men has proved to be a fair-weather policy, completely dropped in a squall. The devices which employers have brought into play everywhere have quickly appeared in the South—the use of troops and hastily enlisted deputy sheriffs; expulsion of organizers from company-owned towns for trespass—in the present strikes even the kidnapping of labor leaders; eviction of operatives from company houses; breaking up of union meetings; prompt use of strike-breakers (in one case, at least, Negroes); the attempt to forestall strikes and enlist public sympathy by ostensible lockouts; discrediting of leaders by arousal of racial, sectional, and religious animosity, and the spreading of ill report about the morals and designs of organizers; starvation of employees into submission. The strikes now in progress in North Carolina bid fair to add to the mill men's record another instance of victory through mere depletion of the workers' slender resources.

The trade paper editor ordinarily taken as spokesman for the Southern employers said in the early stages of the present strikes: "There have been numerous unions organ-

ized and strikes engineered in Southern cotton mills during the past thirty years, but the . . . operatives know that not one strike has ever been successful and that in almost every case, the . . . fees and dues collected . . . has (sic) gone into the pockets of the agitators and has disappeared with them. It is also true that most of the professional organizers have been men of such low character as to disgust the decent people in mill villages. . . . One of them who got away with considerable funds, left two illegitimate children in mill villages in one town." Similarly the cry of Communism has been raised by the employers—even against the American Federation of Labor—and this bugaboo still frightens a South in the early flush of capitalism.

The employers have kept the idea before the South that any checking of their program means curtailment of prosperity, and opportunity for work is so new that the public listens with the same respect shown the threats of the mill men in England a century and more ago. Managements have encouraged the maxim that the cotton manufacture in the South is a white man's industry; the implied danger of Negro invasion is supposed to render the operatives glad to hold what they have, rather than reach out for more. Employers have had a whip in the fact that they preside over virtually the only industry. There are no other jobs to go to, either locally or in other accessible places.

3. The cotton mill workers have had little assistance from public opinion. Thinking people conceived the South's problem as relief from poverty. The welfare work in the villages seemed an important step in this direction. Further, the South has always been less aware of the need for justice between classes than of the appropriateness of kindliness shown by a superior to an inferior. Graceful patronage has been all that public opinion demanded. And industry is still new in this section. The people do not know its necessary outworkings; the disturbances in industry

elsewhere have come to the South as dim and unreal report. The cotton manufacture there, enjoying low costs of production through expensive human subsidy, has been generally prosperous, and so the ordinary fatalities of industry, for example in severe unemployment, which bring on questioning elsewhere, have not come home. The churches have either had nothing to say on the subjects of low wages and long hours in the mills, or have distracted attention from economic wrong by stressing the calamities of individual sinfulness. One denomination has employed a minister in the heart of the textile district to bolster the welfare programs of cotton mills and deprecate collective bargaining by the operatives.

Colleges and universities privately supported have been too anxious to get funds to run the risk of alienating possible givers by forthright analysis of industrial conditions. State schools have been fearful of curtailed legislative appropriations. Professors in large numbers know the facts and would like to draw obvious conclusions, but they feel that their jobs are at stake. In a few instances, however, there has been hopeful improvement in frankness recently. Newspapers have been largely absorbed in politics rather than in discussions of labor matters, but during the present strikes more courageous statements have come from the press than from any other quarter.

How long will it take for all of these disabilities of workers to disappear to the point where we shall have recognition in the South that we are no longer only an agricultural society, that we have opened our arms to capitalism, and must develop the usual methods of rendering it wholesome for all concerned? An additional vexation in the answer is the likelihood that, when improvement for white workers comes, ten million Negroes may be turned to as a new labor resource—a group large enough and needy enough to invite repetition of the whole painful process of industrial betterment.

MAXIM GORKI

By STEFAN ZWEIG

ALEXANDER PUSHKIN, the father of Russian literature, came of princely blood; Leo Tolstoy of very ancient lineage; Turgenev was a landed gentleman; Dostoevsky an official's son but of noble extraction —aristocrats all. For literature, art, all forms of intellectual achievement within the Russian empire in the nineteenth century were prerogatives of aristocracy, as were all other privileges—the land and palaces, rivers and mines, woods and fields, and the living human beings, the enthralled peasants, who tilled them with their sweat. All power, all wealth, all influence, all learning and position were reserved for a scant hundred noble strains, ten thousand individuals in the midst of millions. These alone depicted Russia to the eyes of the world, her wealth, her racial stock, her power and her soul.

A hundred families, ten thousand individuals. But beneath this thin superstratum heaved and moved an infinite, limitless mass of millions, a misshapen, gigantic being: the Russian people. Scattered millionfold over the huge plains of Muscovy, they toiled with millions of hands day and night for the wealth of the great land. They cleared forests, they levelled roads, they pressed out wine and brought up ore from the mines. They sowed and reaped on the black or snow-laden earth, they fought the Czar's battles and, like other European peoples at the same time, they served and evermore served their princes in abnegating toil and steadfast fealty. But one thing distinguished this Russian people from its brother folk: it was still mute; it had no speech. Long ago the other peoples had sent out spokesmen from their midst, orators and scholars, speak-

ing tongues. These millions, however, were not yet able to express their desires in written words; they might not voice their thoughts in the councils of their land; they could not explain themselves, could not express that great and wild spirit which animated them. Stolid, full-lunged but voiceless, impotent with its monstrous strength, this ocean-wide mysterious being of the people stirred on its Russian earth, spirit without speech, being without self-conscious thought. It was only their masters, the aristocrats, the powerful, who spoke for these silent ones. Until the twentieth century we knew of the Russian people only through the voices of their high-born writers—Pushkin, Tolstoy, Turgenev, and Dostoevsky.

This will, however, be for all time to the glory and honor of these nobles—that, notwithstanding its speechlessness, its enforced silence, they have never despised the Russian folk, its peasants and laborers, the insignificant man, but, on the contrary, as if from a feeling of mystical guilt, each of them has passionately reverenced the greatness and the spiritual force of the lowly mass. Dostoevsky, the visionary, lifted the conception of the people to a Russian Savior, symbol of the ever-returning Christ, and, bitterly resisting the bourgeois revolutionaries and anarchistic nobles, reverently bowed his head to the Russian earth before the lowest criminal as the representative of a divine power. And still more passionately did Tolstoy, the other aristocrat, humble himself before the silent multitude; he abased himself only to raise the oppressed. "The way we live is wrong, their way is right." He laid aside his noble's dress and donned the muzhik blouse; he tried to copy their simple picturesque speech, their dull religious humility, to submerge, to dissolve himself in this immense life-giving force. All the great writers of Russia have with one voice declared their awe in the presence of the great company; they all have felt the defencelessness, the speechlessness, of their brother millions in the shadow of their own illumined lives as a monstrous,

mystical soul-guilt. They all have seen the high significance of their mission in the task of speaking for this dumb, unformed, voiceless being and interpreting to the world its thoughts and ideas.

But suddenly the miracle comes to pass, the unexpected, the unhoped for; suddenly this being dumb for a thousand years himself speaks. He creates lips from his own flesh, a spokesman from his own speech, a man from his midst, and this one man, the poet—his poet and witness—he suddenly thrusts out from his giant body that he may give to the whole of humanity tidings of the Russian people, of the Russian proletariat, of the lowly, the downtrodden and the oppressed. This man, this human being, this messenger, this poet is suddenly here, come into this world sixty years ago, and for thirty years with unswerving fidelity the spokesman and painter of a whole tragic generation of the disinherited and the downtrodden. His parents call him Maxim Peschkov; he names himself Maxim Gorki—the bitter—and, with this self-made name, he is gratefully hailed to-day by the intellectual world and all who feel themselves truly as people among the peoples, because his bitterness has become healing for a whole race, his voice expression for a whole nation, and his advent happiness and blessing to our spirit today. Fate has taken this one unknown human being, Maxim Gorki, from the waste and chaff of humanity to make him a witness for the life of the thwarted, a portrayer of all the misery of the poor of Russia and of the whole world. And that he might be a true and faithful witness, it gave him for his portion every task, every torment, every renunciation, and every test in his own being so that he might painfully experience each in his own body before he shaped them and further revealed them in literary form. It sent him out to every kind of labor so that he might represent each fairly before the invisible parliament of humanity. It made him for a long time apprentice and bondsman of all suffering before he dare become lord of words and master of form.

It was his lot to go through all the chances and changes of proletarian destiny before he became triumphantly the all-transmuter, the artist. So, in addition to artistic greatness, his rich and powerful work has the peculiarity that nothing was given by life to this poet, but everything was struggled for, was wrested from a miserable existence, and the pure and glorious result appears to have been wrung with bitterness from a malevolent reality.

What a life! What depth before this ascent! A dirty gray suburban street in Nizhny Novgorod gives birth to a great artist; poverty rocks his cradle; poverty expels him from school; poverty tosses him into the turmoil and into the world. The whole family lives in two cellar rooms, and in order to bring home a little money, a few pitiful kopecks, he, a schoolboy, must crawl around in sewers and dump-heaps, collecting rags and bones in the foul stench, so that his classmates avoid sitting beside the dung collector and sewer-crawler because of the bad smell. Although greedy for knowledge, he cannot finish the primary school, but must with his slight childish figure become helper in a shoe-factory, then house-boy for a draftsman, scullion on a Volga steamer, porter at the docks, night watchman in a fishery, a baker, a letter-carrier, a worker on the railroad, in the country, printer's devil, an eternally hunted day-laborer beyond the pale of law, unhappy, homeless—vagabond on all roads, now in the Ukraine and on the Don, now in Bessarabia, now in Tiflis and in the Crimea. Nowhere can he stop, nowhere is he held. Scarcely has he found shelter under some foul roof when fate like an evil wind lashes him on and again, winter and summer, he scours the streets with burning soles, hungry, ragged, ill, and always, always hunted by poverty. Again and again he changes his work, but it is as if fate had willed these shifts with intention so that he could, with knowledge and experience, bear witness to all sides of the life of the proletariat, the Russian land in its entire breadth, the Russian people in its vast diversity

and multiplicity. It was laid upon him—and nobly he stood the test—to know all forms of poverty in order to become the just and proper advocate for all misery; laid upon him also was the fate of all those in Russia who rebelled against the injustice of this scheme of things: to sit in prisons, to be watched by the police, to be spied upon, beset, suspected and hunted by the *gendarmerie* like a rabid wolf. This poet of the Russian people must endure in his defiant soul the lash of spiritual bondage, misrepresentation, for he is called to endure every single form of suffering of his class and kind. He must experience all forms of injustice and despair, even that ultimate and most frightful—the deepest and supreme despair of mankind—when he can no longer endure life and spews it from him like a bitter draught. Even this last abyss is not spared him. In December, 1887, Maxim Gorki bought with his last money a wretched revolver and fired a bullet into his breast. It remains in his lung and has threatened his life for forty years, but—happily—he was saved for the huge labor, which single-handed he has accomplished, of witnessing for his people before the tribunal of humanity.

When this vagabond, this humble day-laborer, this street waif and penniless fellow became a writer no scholarship will ever be able to figure out. For Maxim Gorki was always a poet by right of the alert vision and clear spirit of his generously receptive nature. But to express this poetic material he must first learn speech, writing and spelling, and how laborious was this necessity. No one helped him in it; only his own tenacious will and the unyielding, unshakable primitive force which urged him on. As baker and street cleaner he eagerly collected by night whatever came into his hands in the way of books, newspapers, printed matter. But his real lesson book was the highway, his real guide his inner genius, for Gorki was a poet long before he had read anything and an artist before he had learnt to spell correctly. At four and twenty he published his first novel;

at thirty he is suddenly discovered, already the best known and, by the people, the most loved artist of Russia, the pride of the proletariat and a glory of the European world.

The effect of Gorki's first works was indescribably portentous, like an upheaval, an alarm, a wrench, a breaking. Every one felt that a different Russia from that of the past had here spoken for the first time, that this voice came from the gigantic anguished breast of a whole people. Dostoevsky, Tolstoy, and Turgenev, to be sure, had long before in noble visions given some inkling of the Russian soul in its breadth and power. But here suddenly the same thing was presented differently, more vividly—not the soul merely, but the whole naked man, the pitilessly clear, authentic Russian reality. In those others Russian destiny floated in a spiritual element, in the stormy spheres of conscience — this wide-spread suffering, tension to the breaking point, the tragic knowledge of the course of world history. In Gorki, however, the Russian man arises not in the spirit but in flesh and blood, the shadowy nameless one takes definite form, becomes compelling reality. Gorki, in contrast to Tolstoy and Dostoevsky and Goncharov, has no comprehensive symbolical figures of world literature like, say, the four Karamazovs, like Oblomov, like Levin and Karatejev. It is no diminution of his greatness that Gorki has never sought to form a single symbol of the inward nature of the Russian soul, but has instead placed before us, so that we can seize and touch them, ten thousand living figures of individual men and women with penetration and detail, with incredible veracity and verisimilitude. Born of the people, he has in himself made visible a whole people. From all stages of misery, from all stations in life he has invoked figures—each one of unsurpassed fidelity to life—dozens, hundreds, thousands, an army of the poor and diseased. Instead of a comprehensive vision this glorious eye gives back to the living again in a thousand individual forms each man who met him in life. Therefore, for me, this re-

membering eye of Gorki belongs to the few genuine marvels of our present world, and I do not know what in the artcraft of our time can be even approximately compared in naturalness and exactitude to his art of observation. No shadow of the mystic dims this eye, there is no distorting flaw in this wonderful crystalline lens which neither enlarges nor diminishes, which never sees things obliquely or distorted, never falsely perceives them too bright or too dark. This eye sees only truly and clearly, but in unsurpassed truth and unexcelled clarity. What has once passed before this candid and just eye, this clearest and truest instrument of our newer art, remains undistorted, for this eye of Maxim Gorki forgets nothing—it gives purest and justest reality. When Maxim Gorki describes a man I am ready to swear: such was he exactly as Gorki saw and depicted him, exactly so, no greater and no more insignificant; here is nothing added and nothing taken away, nothing glossed over and nothing subtracted; here is caught pure and undistorted the uniqueness of a human being divined and forced into a portrait. There is no picture of Leo Tolstoy among his ten thousand photographs, no account among the ten thousand by his friends and visitors, which to the same degree illuminates his being, discriminatingly, vividly, truly, as the terse sixty pages which Maxim Gorki has dedicated to him in his recollections. And exactly as this greatest of all Russians whom he met, he has depicted with equal truth and justice the most wretched vagabond, the lowest gypsy whom he met on the road. The genius of Gorki's vision has only one name: veracity.

Europe is indebted to this incorruptible, magnificently honest vision of Maxim Gorki for the truest picture of the present Russian world—and when has there been more need of truth between the nations than at the present hour, and what people among all the peoples has such sore need of it as the Russian in this epoch-making instant? What a momentous event, a providence, a gift of fortune for this nation

to possess in its crucial hour a portrayer from its own blood, who shows in black and white to each his own image unembellished, who is not sceptically contemptuous, who with the unerring and unconfused justice of the artist brings appreciably nearer to the whole of humanity the need and hope, the peril and greatness of an infinitude of people. Tolstoy and Dostoevsky in their deep, penetrating, solicitous love—confused, but none the less nationalistic—have made the Russian people into a kind of Savior; so that in spite of the wonder the Russian man appeared to us somehow as other-worldly, strangely great and dangerous, but always strange — a different nature, different motives. Gorki, however—and this is his undying service—shows the Russian people not only as it is Russian, but above all as people, one and the same kin with all the poor and oppressed, the people as proletariat. He appears to belong more to mankind than to a nation, he is more humanistic than political, a revolutionary from sympathetic love of the people and not from monstrous hatred. He did not, like Dostoevsky and Tolstoy, see the coming revolution as the product of a few over-excited and anarchistic intellectuals, as the realization of exactly thought out theories, but in him and in him alone will future history be able to read in chapter and verse that this uprising and revolt in Russia was organically an affair of the people. He has shown how in the masses, in millions of individual details, the tension grew to the unbearable. In his masterpiece, "The Mother," one sees exactly how from the humblest men, from peasants, workers, from the uncultured and illiterate, the will concentrates in countless nameless sacrifices, and becomes tense before it bursts furiously forth in monstrous storm. No single man, but always the multitude, always the mass appears in his works as the holder of power; for because he himself was framed from a multitude, from the fullness of people, from the breadth of fate, this man perceives all that happens as universal experience. Even in this abnormal

development of the people Gorki knew also, eternally and unshakably, the invincible power of his people. He trusted them as they had trusted him. While the great seers, Dostoevsky and Tolstoy, trembled before the revolution as at a pestilence, he knew that the sturdy health of his nation would outlast it. Just because he understood the Russian people as a son his mother, through nearness or by blood, Gorki never shared the frightful apocalyptic shudder of anxiety of Russia's great poet-prophets; he knew his people and all peoples strong enough to overcome all crises, to survive all dangers. So his presence during the Czarist years gave to the great masses more faith in themselves than all the shrieks of Dostoevsky for the Russian Christ, than all Tolstoy's calls for atonement and preachings of humility. In his person the people took courage and became confident because of him. Maxim Gorki's unhindered rise from the depths of the people has become a symbol for millions and his work witnesses the determination of a whole people to lift itself and find spiritual expression.

Today every one acknowledges that Maxim Gorki has generously rendered this service of testifying; a pure, true man, a great creative artist, never setting himself up as leader, never usurping authority as judge and clothing himself as prophet, but ever a steadfast witness for the rights of his people, for its spiritual complexity and for its moral force. As behooves an honest witness, he has never embellished and never denied the truth, he has never pleaded but reported. Without pessimism in the dark years and without exuberance in those that followed, strong in the hour of danger and without pride in success, he has called to life man after man in his work until they themselves formed a multitude, a people and a picture of the eternal people, this basic material of all form and all creative power. Thus his great epic has become no wavering myth of the Russian soul, but irrefutably true, reality itself. It is because of his works that we can understand Russia as a brother, near

and neighborly to our world, without enmity, without antagonism; and in this is the highest obligation of the poet fulfilled—to destroy all enmity between men, to bring the distant near, to unite people with people, class with class, until at last all mankind are one. Whoever knows Gorki's work knows the Russian people of today and in him the need and renunciation of all the oppressed; he knows with comprehending soul its rarest, most passionate emotion even as its wretched day by day existence. We can shudderingly experience in Gorki's books as in no others all the sorrows and trials of the transition period. And since we have learnt to feel with the Russian people in its most tragic hours, so now we can share the pride of Russia and experience its joy as our own, the proud joy of a people who have created out of their own blood such a blameless and true artist. We recognize in him two who are one — Maxim Gorki, the people-made poet, and the Russian people become poet through him.

TOLERANCE AND THE NEW KNOWLEDGE

By RAYMOND B. FOSDICK

I

TWO events of incalculable consequence have, during this last year, stirred the intellectual life of the world. The first is the plan, made possible through the gift of six million dollars by the International Education Board, to construct a two-hundred-inch reflecting telescope in California. This new instrument, when built, will penetrate twice as far into space as the largest telescope we now possess, bringing us into contact with those outposts of the universe that have beckoned from immemorial times. With our present instruments we have detected objects so far away in space and time that light, traveling at the rate of 186,000 miles a second, takes 140 million years to come from them to us. That is, we see these remote celestial bodies not as they are today, but as they were 140 million years ago. What is going to happen when we are able to reach out twice as far into the universe? What new things shall we see? What new conceptions of time and space shall we gain? What new ideas as to the origin of matter and of life and the place of man—if he has any place—in all this vast, illimitable complexity?

The second event which has stirred the imagination of the world during this last year is the announcement of Einstein's new formula for linking up electro-magnetic forces and mechanical forces. Gravitation is no longer an isolated phenomenon; there is a unity of energy in the universe which earlier physicists and mathematicians, working in three instead of four dimensional space, apparently did not detect.

What this new formula of Einstein may mean in its practical consequences I as a layman do not pretend to know. I doubt if anyone today can forecast its implications. It is important because the earlier pronouncement of Einstein on relativity has so profoundly influenced the thought of the world. Twenty years ago we used such expressions as the "real length of a rod," or "true length," or simply "the length," and believed we knew what we meant. But Einstein showed us that these words had no meaning. All we can know about "length" must come from measurements which involve relative factors. "Length" under one set of conditions is not "length" obtained under another. In other words, absolute factors cannot be discussed. The word "absolute" has no meaning, and its disappearance from the dictionary of physics has had a far-reaching effect in other fields of thought in which the word has been freely used— in philosophy, in ethics, and in law. Whether the new doctrine of Einstein, announced this year, will in the same fundamental fashion modify the thinking of men remains to be seen. Certainly a new age in natural science and in philosophy has dawned with this great German mathematician.

II

I mention these two events—the telescope and the Einstein theory—because they illustrate in a dramatic way the change that has occurred in our reactions to the discovery of truth. Except for a somewhat ill-tempered comment from Cardinal O'Connell of Boston, as far as I know there has been no criticism of the telescope or of the Einstein formula on the ground that they imperiled the faith of mankind or threatened the established order of ideas. Nobody has suggested a heresy trial or has rushed into print to defend the Ark of the Covenant against impious hands. There has been no vituperation of Einstein such as was hurled at his earlier compeers: Copernicus, Newton, and Darwin. The instinctively hostile attitude of our forefathers

to anything that might disturb their settled modes and patterns of thought seems, at first glance at least, to have given way to a tolerance, indeed to a fearlessness, which is quite new in the history of mankind.

It was only three centuries ago that an eminent scholar, Francesco Sizzi, arguing against the discovery of the satellites of Jupiter which Galileo had made with his little two-and-three-quarter-inch telescope, gave voice to the following pronouncement:

> There are seven windows in the head, two nostrils, two eyes, two ears, and a mouth; so in the heavens there are two favorable stars, two unpropitious, two luminaries, and Mercury alone undecided and indifferent. From which and many other similar phenomena of nature, such as the seven metals, etc., which it were tedious to enumerate, we gather that the number of planets is necessarily seven.
>
> Moreover, the satellites are invisible to the naked eye, and therefore can have no influence upon the earth, and therefore would be useless, and therefore do not exist.
>
> Besides, the Jews and other ancient nations as well as modern Europeans have adopted the division of the week into seven days, and have named them from the seven planets; now if we increase the number of the planets this whole system falls to the ground.

With the weight of the intellectual and religious forces of his time against him, and with the Inquisition staring him in the face, the seventy year old Galileo, broken in mind and body, gave way under the strain.

It was less than two hundred years ago that Newton was pilloried from the pulpits of England and America as a "dangerous man" whose hypotheses were "delusive and arbitrary and contrary to Scripture." "They tend toward infidelity," said John Wesley in one of his milder moments.

It is within the memory of people now living that Darwin's books in 1859 and 1871 were met with a torrent of abuse and misrepresentation almost without parallel. "These infamous doctrines," said a Roman Catholic churchman in France, "have for their only support the most ab-

ject passions. Their father is pride, their mother impurity, their offspring revolutions. They come from hell and return thither, taking with them the gross creatures who blush not to proclaim and accept them." Similar expressions came from Princeton and Yale and other educational institutions here in the United States. When Darwin died in 1882 and was buried in Westminster Abbey, the Reverend Dr. Laing referred to it as "a proof that England is no longer a Christian country" — a sentiment which received and has continued to receive cordial support in certain limited circles.

But today when Einstein comes with his revolutionary thesis, what happens? The leading journals all over the world give columns of space to it, printing dozens of articles by mathematicians and physicists as to its meaning and significance. One enterprizing New York paper had the text with all its obscure mathematical symbols transmitted from Berlin by telephotography and printed a facsimile of the result. Everywhere Einstein is hailed as a genius, a seer, a pioneer working on the far frontiers of human knowledge. On his recent birthday he had to hide himself to escape the congratulations and importunities of a friendly and inquisitive world.

Similarly when the announcement of the new gigantic telescope was made, it was greeted with universal approval and acclaim. Religious and secular journals alike spoke with enthusiasm of this new instrument that would search out the secrets of space and widen the horizons of human understanding.

Apparently our generation has entered upon a new era in its attitude toward the advancement of knowledge. It seems a far cry to the days when Dr. James Young Simpson, a Scotch physician, was vilified from Protestant and Catholic pulpits because he advocated the use of anaesthetics in obstetrical cases; and yet this occurred in the days of our grandfathers. It seems long ago that the writings of

Herbert Spencer and Thomas Huxley were banned in American college libraries; and yet this occurred in the days of our fathers. It is difficult to believe that measures for the control of yellow fever were savagely fought in America and elsewhere because they "interfered with God's righteous judgments on the sins of the people"; and yet this occurred in our time. But, except in isolated and backward sections, this attitude apparently is behind us. Science has won its victory; the forces that opposed it have gone down in ignominious defeat. We have entered an age that is thirsty for knowledge—an age where

> "Thoughts that great hearts once broke for, we
> Breathe cheaply in the common air."

III

But perhaps it would be wise to be a little cautious in our optimism. For nearly seventy years Copernicus slumbered in his grave before the significance of his doctrine was really understood. It was not until the truth of his thesis was established by the telescope of Galileo that the world woke up to its peril. If today we completely grasped the revolutionary implications of Einstein's principle of relativity, I am not at all sure that history would not repeat itself, and a new martyr be added to the long list of those who have suffered for truth's sake.

For Einstein's principle, as we have seen, involves far more than a mathematical formula. We are asked to stretch our imaginations to new horizons just as people had to do under the prodding of Copernicus to grasp the idea that *down* is not a fixed direction. Just as the first physical synthesis centered around the lives of Copernicus and Galileo and destroyed the old Aristotelian conceptions of mankind which were buttressed by philosophy and religion and by all the accepted traditions and prejudices of the age, so this new synthesis which Einstein proposes is demanding a reconsideration of ideas to which the centuries have given

sanctity and respectability. As Keyser puts it: "The old cosmic absolutes—absolute space, absolute time, absolute matter, absolute natural law, absolute truth—are gone." Nothing is fixed; nothing is final. Time and space turn out to be nothing more than the relations established between the mind and the things that it observes, and the relations vary according as the observant mind is still or moving. The axioms of Euclidian geometry, which we were taught at school, are true only under certain conditions; under other conditions they are not necessarily true. The test of a simple arithmetical formula is no longer whether in the abstract it is true or false, but whether it is applicable; a scientist will try one kind of mathematics after another in order to find one that fits his immediate problem. "Natural laws" like Newton's law of gravitation are not laws at all; they do not represent final or ultimate truth; they are merely interpretations of human experience subject to the possibility of reformulation. Even "facts" can no longer be thought of as "ultimate elements in experience which always were and always will be what they are." They are the result of correlation and interpretation; and in the light of new experience to re-interpret a fact is essentially to change it. Consequently absolute truth cannot be captured by a syllogism or pinned down by a microscope. We can approach it, but it is always just ahead of us; our fate is constantly to pursue it and never quite catch up with it. In the words of Mr. Justice Holmes, "Certainty is illusion and repose is not the destiny of man."

You see what Einstein is doing to us. The reign of relativity inaugurated by the natural sciences is working a revolution, deep, noiseless, but inevitable, in all the views and institutions of man. It is far more of a solvent for the "eternal verities" than either the Copernican or Darwinian theory. For if truth is not fixed and absolute, what becomes of all the ideas which we have so fondly based upon that conception—our ideas of religion, of law, of govern-

ment, of conduct, of ethics? If there are no spiritual mathematics applicable to all situations—no immutable measuring-rod for human ideas and ideals—no certainties upon which we can lay our hands and say, "Here at last is truth" —then life seems suddenly a chaos, and we can appreciate something of the bewilderment and hostility of those scarlet-clad cardinals of the Church before whom Galileo stood to plead his cause, as they tried to understand his startling thesis that contrary to the Scriptures this earth which God had so peculiarly made his own was not the center of the solar system, but that with other planets it revolved about the sun.

IV

No less a threat to accepted ideas is the new telescope in California. Copernicus and Galileo and Newton never dreamed in terms of our modern astronomy. The earth might revolve about the sun. but the sun was still the center of the universe. Not for them were the conclusions to which astrophysics and other sciences have led us in this generation. Instead of a world six thousand years old, spontaneously created, we now have a planet that is probably two thousand million years old, evolving through leisurely immensities of time out of a universe of distances in which our particular solar system is contemptibly insignificant. The human race that for half a million years or so has hugged the earth and fought for supremacy with the animal and vegetable kingdom with which it is akin is traveling through space on "a dwarf planet revolving around a dwarf star." Why we are here, where we came from, what consciousness really is, whether in the thousand million stars in this particular universe there are planetary systems supporting forms of life with which conceivably we might communicate, whether indeed the whole cosmic business may not be a dream—and we "the brain-cells in the mind of the dreamer"—these are questions unanswered and perhaps unanswerable. But they are questions, nevertheless,

that for centuries to come will summon into being telescopes and laboratories, and with increasing attraction beckon adventurous minds to the frontiers of knowledge. They are questions, too, that in our own day will test our claim to tolerance, and measure up our generation against the generation that stamped on the grave of Copernicus and brought Galileo to his knees.

V

It is when science begins to turn questioning eyes upon things that are related to our daily living and thinking that tolerance seems suddenly to desert us. After all, we are not apt to be greatly upset by new conceptions in the realm of physics or chemistry or mathematics—or even of biology in many of its phases. These things are too far away from the lives of most of us to be disturbing. But let any one lay heavy hands upon our ideas of government or religion or economics or social relations: how swift is the throw-back to Copernican days! With scarcely the change of a word the invectives and arguments employed by Martin Luther against Copernicus, by John Wesley against Newton, by Bishop Wilberforce against Darwin, are used today against those who propose innovation or experiment in our social institutions. The mental world of most of us consists of beliefs which we have accepted without questioning and to which we are emotionally attached; and we are instinctively hostile to anything that upsets this familiar environment of ideas.

This reaction, which we probably share with our ancestors of the Tertiary Period, is due in part to the conservative tendency of collective thought. It is due in part, too, to the fundamental timidity of the human mind. More than to anything else, perhaps, it is due to lethargy. A new idea, inconsistent with accepted beliefs, involves the necessity of rearranging our minds; and this process is frankly laborious. For many of us, therefore, opinions

which cast doubt on the validity and worth of our institutions seem evil because the process of adjusting them to our present stock of beliefs requires a disagreeable expenditure of mental energy.

Whatever the cause, intolerance of new ideas is still firmly rooted in the human mind. Our easy optimism arising from the victory of the natural sciences and the spread of the scientific method is soon dispelled as we see the old battle line still intact—traditionalism and prejudice in full array against new beliefs and new inquiries and new solutions for old evils. It is one thing to question the validity of Newton's law of gravitation or the theory of the conservation of matter; it seems to be quite another thing to question the Constitution of the United States or the theory of democracy. Recently three members of the faculty of the University of Missouri were dismissed because they sent out a questionnaire that had to do with sex relations; they were approaching this confused problem in the same spirit with which Einstein approached the problem arising from the inapplicability of ordinary physics and geometry to the universe. Not long ago two teachers at the State Normal School in West Chester, Pennsylvania, were dismissed because they sponsored a liberal club that was opposed by the local chapter of the American Legion. The purpose of this club was to ask questions about property and capitalism and international relations—just as the chemists and physicists in our schools and colleges are asking questions about all sorts of accepted principles which the past has handed down. Apparently a man is either a scientist or a dangerous radical dependent upon the material with which he works. If his theories have to do with the relations of atoms, he is a scholar; if they have to do with the relations of human beings, he is doubtless a Bolshevik who ought to be watched.

It is obvious, of course, that no such line can be drawn between sacred and profane inquiry, between investigation

that is permissible and investigation that is banned. We are living in an age when the authority of tradition is being superseded by pragmatic test. All things, old and new, must be put on their merits. No longer are there any domains of thought or experience or emotion over whose entrances a "Keep Out" sign can be maintained against the inquisitive and questioning spirit. No social form or institution, no doctrine hallowed by tradition, no code of conduct, can escape critical examination and analysis. Every social fact and phenomenon must constantly be reinterpreted and given its current value, regardless of its bearing on personal interests or its effect upon cherished theories. It is truth that we must seek—truth that forever eludes us—and it is the search for truth that shall set us free.

To us who are interested in or connected with universities this attitude becomes a supreme obligation. The closed mind, the intolerant mind, is always an anachronism; in an institution of learning it is a hideous anachronism. A university should be the home of the untrammeled and the unafraid—where eager and skeptical spirits gaze at the phenomenon of mankind and at the far-flung world with frank ingenuous interest. A university should be a place where nothing is taken for granted, where everything must prove itself, where any kind of question may be asked, where freedom is unabridged to observe, to think, to write, and to speak. A university should create an atmosphere in which a Galileo or a Darwin would feel at home; in which a Karl Marx or a Lenin or a Judge Lindsey would be welcomed for any contribution he might conceivably make to our advancing knowledge.

Over the doors of our universities might well be written these words: "Here is a home where brave spirits may search and understand." Too often there are no such words. Instead there is a note scribbled on the gate-post in the language of Luigi Lucatelli: "Farewell, good Sirs:

I am leaving for the future. I shall wait for humanity at the cross-roads, three hundred years hence."

VI

It must be admitted that tolerance is not an easy virtue to achieve. Our beliefs are generally group beliefs, and we like to think with the herd. Herd beliefs are always surcharged with strong emotion which colors them with sanctity and inviolability. To be asked to be tolerant of an individual opinion that is flying in the face of what the mass of mankind has accepted as truth is apt to fill us with incredulous and resentful amazement.

This amazement becomes all the more marked when we are confronted with the demand which the new knowledge is making of us in this generation. For we are asked to regard all truth not as an objective that can be reached by any person or any age, but as a slowly retreating figure that beckons us from one concept to another. It is not a new request; philosophy framed it years ago. But it has now been reinforced and strengthened so that its insistence is compelling. Just as some modern encyclopaedias are put together on the loose-leaf principle in order that fresh pages can be inserted as more accurate and extensive information is acquired, so we are asked to have loose-leaf minds, from which old ideas can be taken out and thrown away as new ideas are discovered. On no subject has the last word been said. In regard to no belief is there an element of finality. Throughout the entire range of human knowledge and experience everything is and must remain in a state of perpetual flux.

Here is a call for tolerance with which perhaps no other age has been challenged. For it has been the fatuous but inextinguishable conviction of every generation that however many erroneous ideas may have previously been held, at last, in its own day, truth has been finally reached. "The past," said Beccaria, "is a vast sea of errors," presumably implying that they had all been corrected in his time. Noth-

ing is more pathetic in human history than the arrogant dogmatism with which each generation has proclaimed its discovery of the truth. In theology, Calvin laid down the final word in his day; a century later Cotton Mather modified it; a generation later Jonathan Edwards gave it an entirely new setting; while modern theologians have altered the entire structure. In philosophy one dogmatism has succeeded another for nearly three thousand years, each outmoded by the next. In the field of law, the belief of each generation in its own concept of justice has reached supreme heights of pathos and absurdity. Natural science shows no better record. In my own college days I remember a professor of chemistry telling his class that the great period of chemistry and physics had passed; most of the ninety-two elements had been discovered; the structure of matter was known; and there was little left for the future to do. And then came Rutherford and Eddington and Niels Bohr and Millikan—opening up vistas so far ahead that we now think of physics and chemistry as merely in their infancy.

If the new knowledge has done nothing else, it has sounded the doom of dogmatism. The old certitudes are slowly losing ground. Already in many sections of our encyclopaedia we insert the new pages without question. And when we stop to think of it, this demand that is made on us for loose-leaf minds is not a presumptuous challenge to the integrity and dignity of the race. For as time runs in our planetary history it was only a few minutes ago that man began to think at all. We are just around the corner from our animal ancestors, just up from savagery. How can we, in this early stage of our development, seriously imagine that with our little inductive and deductive tools we have succeeded in carving out any substantial segment of ultimate truth about either ourselves or this vast universe in which we are adrift? And how tame and colorless the future would seem if we had to look forward to countless

generations living with the beliefs about right and wrong and justice and time and space which they had inherited from us and which, because we had hit upon the correct answers, they had not been tempted to disturb!

VII

But let us not underestimate the difficulties which this generation faces if it admits—as it must ultimately admit—that no page in the encyclopaedia can permanently remain in place. It is here that we confront the necessity for readjustment and adaptation on a stupendous scale. How can we build within the framework of shifting knowledge an equilibrium for daily life? How can we keep the trains running when the railroad must be constantly under repair?

Let me say at once that I do not know the answers to these questions. Moreover, I do not believe anybody knows the answers. Some writers like Joseph Wood Krutch in his recent brilliant book, "The Modern Temper," are frankly pessimistic. According to them, philosophy and ethics have collapsed as interpreters of knowledge and experience in terms that have human values. Consequently an intolerable disharmony is growing and will continue to grow between man and the universe as science little by little takes away the props which have shored up his age-long conviction that somehow or other the universe responded to his needs and ideals.

And yet pessimism is not a mood that can permanently prevail. It is only a temporary harbor for the discouraged, a halfway house up the mountain for shelter during the storm. It is the natural reaction from an age of great discovery and change. Philosophic pessimism marked the thinking of the world after the revolution in human thought which Copernicus created. Similarly, in religious circles at least, Darwin's work resulted in a cloud of uncertainty and gloom. Any idea which wrenches our minds out of old ruts and necessitates a rapid readjustment is inevitably accom-

panied, for most of us, at least, with discomfort and despondency. A new conception frightens us, and like children who would hide their faces in their mothers' skirts, we rush back to the familiar surroundings of old ideas—only to be tempted to look again, and gradually to accustom ourselves to the thing that is novel and strange.

Man does not remain long discouraged over anything. His gradual mastery of this planet in the face of incredible obstacles has been due to his capacity to adapt himself to any kind of untoward condition that his environment or his own nature might create. Again and again he has had to shift his mental and physical habits as situations which he never knew before have blocked his path. As one sees him fighting for his life with the early mammals, struggling for survival through the ice ages, pitting his slowly developing brain against Nature's recurring hazards, shocked into new modes of existence by the discovery of new weapons, tirelessly building his little systems of philosophy in an attempt to explain himself and the universe he lives in—surely no one can say that this strange and indomitable creature is going down in defeat before the flood of new knowledge that in this generation has been poured across the world. It is only another one of Nature's hazards. The same tenacious courage and the same tough adaptability that have saved him a thousand times in the past will save him again.

And there is this additional circumstance which gives hope. Man is now deliberately embarked on a wide-flung campaign to enlarge the boundaries of his own knowledge. With a determination that is almost presumptuous he has set out to learn the secrets of the universe — whether they are hidden in himself, in the tiniest atom, or in the immense reaches of space. He is constructing laboratories, he is thrusting out his gigantic telescopes, he is evolving abstruse mathematical symbols as engines of expression, he is slowly fumbling his way toward new techniques in psychology—and all for one daring purpose: to bring the universe

and himself within the grasp of his own intelligence. That he can never achieve this purpose does not deter him. Finality will forever elude him, but perhaps he can trace out certain tendencies, certain trends upon which he can get a compass sight. Perhaps he can find the paths where Truth has walked. Although he can never grasp her hand, he will be able with conviction to say: "It was from this point that Truth seemed to beckon last."

Here is a basis—small and cramped as it may seem — upon which he can establish an equilibrium. No larger was the basis upon which the followers of Copernicus rebuilt their shattered world. Here is the tentative beginning of a possible creed: that it is not truth, but the search for truth, that will set man free. It is through knowledge—and still more knowledge—that he will win, not peace but perspective, not certainty but tolerance. And it is through tolerance that he will find, not repose, but an enlarging vision.

TOWARD A FOREIGN POLICY

By PIERRE CRABITÈS

I

THAT it was the principle of self-preservation which defined the line of conduct of all of the belligerents in the great war has been forced upon me by a careful study of the causes leading up to that titantic struggle. This deduction fills me with alarm. It tends to remove the villain from the tragedy. It thus makes doubly difficult the future conduct of the United States. It convinces me that our co-operation with Europe should be confined to the irreducible minimum. It satisfies me that we should do nothing which might or could involve tying our hands in any way whatsoever. We do not understand the continent of Europe. It is, taken as a whole, hermetically sealed to our mentality. A community of language, of nursery rhymes, and of oaths permits us, in many cases, to fathom what the Englishman has in the back of his head.

While we should carefully avoid anything approaching an entente with Great Britain, or even an orientation of our diplomacy in that sense, the cornerstone of our foreign policy should be a sincere desire to seek to comprehend the British point of view and to support it in all cases where we are certain that we have grasped it, where the problem means anything to us, and where we know that our interests harmonize with those of Britain. But this should be done in a manner so deft as not to create the impression that we are but a tail to England's kite and that she has only to call the tune for us to dance to her music.

It was in 1922 that I began the investigations which have led to my writing this article. I spent some ten weeks in Germany in the summer of that year. I talked to every

German who crossed my path and who seemed to be likely to give me an insight into the soul of his people. I collected every political article, pamphlet, and book that offered any prospect of telling what was running through Germany's mind. It is no exaggeration to say that I ran through thousands of pages of this literature. From this mass I culled a great deal of material which I read with care during my holiday and after my return to Egypt.

I was particulary interested in "best sellers" because they clearly define the drift of public opinion at any given moment. I found that there were then at least three books which from one end of the land to the other most clearly answered this definition. They constitute a sort of trilogy. Their titles, translated into English, read: "Unconquered on Land," "Unconquered on Sea," and "Unconquered in the Air." They formed a fitting refrain to what I heard on every hand. This was that the socialist revolution and not the Allied armies had conquered Germany.

And I repeatedly ran across a popular calendar which bore the inscription: "German land in the enemy's hand." It contained 365 views, some depicting scenes in Denmark, others in Russia, Poland, and Alsace-Lorraine, and others in Czechoslovakia and the Tirol and I know not where else. In a word, the result of all that I saw, heard, and read was that Germany was unrepentant, unconvinced that she had been conquered, and unwilling to let bygones be bygones. And I also bought all of the memoirs and apologies of warriors and statesmen that I found displayed. I likewise made arrangements to have such publications sent to me if, as, and when published. These works received my best attention. I shall give my opinion of them after I shall have spoken of the other lines of inquiry which I followed.

In this same year I spent about two weeks in Italy. I did my best to gather together all available material giving the Italian point of view. But I did not go about matters with the same thoroughness that had characterized my Ger-

man search. The reason for this was quite simple. I had spent from two to twelve weeks in Italy during each year of the war. I had stumped Tuscany in Italian in 1918 as the American member of an inter-allied propaganda committee. I, therefore, was in touch with conditions obtaining in the land which had not as yet had Mussolini's personality impressed upon it. It was only when Fascism dominated the Peninsula that I gave contemporary Italian political literature minute attention. But as early as 1922 I sought to co-ordinate my general knowledge of what obtained south of the Alps.

And I did the same thing with France, although in so far as the latter country is concerned my task was even easier, for I have kept in close intellectual touch with French thought ever since my student days. In 1924 I determined to wrestle with Spain. I visited that land. I saturated my mind with every line bearing upon modern politics, in the broad sense of the term, that I could find in the kingdom of Alphonso XIII. I boiled all of this latter research into an article on "Spanish Politics of Today" which The Nineteenth Century and After published over my signature in June, 1926.

I was not able to go into the soul of other peoples because my knowledge of their language was nil. But a short while ago G. P. Gooch's outstanding book on "Recent Revelations in European Diplomacy" came within my grasp. It presents a truly remarkable analysis of the post-war literature of all of the countries of Europe. The vastness of the author's reading, his judicial temper, and his appositeness of expression make me green with envy. This volume formed a climax to my studies.

II

It was Austria's declaration of war against Servia that was followed by the opening of hostilities. I shall, therefore, first essay to catch the Austrian and the Servian points of view. I should like to insist at the outset, how-

ever, that in seeking to set forth the angle of vision of the different belligerents I am not championing any cause. My self-imposed lot is that of an interpreter. I have, as Schiller said, "merely a mandate and no opinion." With this clearly understood, I shall begin by saying that Austria, in issuing her momentous ultimatum, found herself, as she thought, confronted by a wall that had but one outlet.

Bismarck, in 1866, had driven her out of the German Confederation. But it was not the policy of the Iron Chancellor to humiliate Vienna. On the contrary he wanted Prussia's pristine rival to grow strong and to prosper at the expense of the Slavs. He, therefore, saw to it that Bosnia-Herzegovina came within the orbit of the Dual Monarchy. This *"Drang nach Osten,"* accordingly, percolated into the Austrian mind and began to crystallize that nation's aspirations towards leadership. The Habsburg monarchy considered itself a great power and was sincere in believing that self-preservation constrained it to look towards the southeast for its elbow room.

Austrian politicians like Szecsen, Burian, and Plener, soldiers like Conrad and Auffenberg, and courtiers like Margutti and Nikitsch-Boulles have rushed into print since 1919. The archives of the Ballplatz have been thrown open. Nothing in these writings or official records shows any criminal intent on the part of those responsible for the policy of Vienna and Budapest. What has been published reveals a state of nerves, an unhealthy frame of mind, if one prefers this form of expression, but nothing approaching a cynical longing for blood. The *leit-motiv* of all available data appears to be that these capitals feared strangulation, annihilation, and obloquy. Francis Joseph's advisers therefore, in self-defense, preferred the gage of battle to an indignity which they considered to be but a forerunner of the suffocation of Austria-Hungary. And the relatively poor case that Servian governmental circles have made out for themselves as to their non-complicity in the Serajevo mur-

der enables one to grasp what underlay that brutal ultimatum.

I think that I am able to fathom what was back of the minds of King Peter's ministers. They were not pink-tea statesmen. They were sons of a civilization that had suffered so much for centuries that undetected political assassination did not convey to them the same meaning that it does to you and to me. Nor must it be forgotten that in 1905 King Alexander and Queen Draga of Servia were murdered by their own officers with heartless brutality. I have no proof that any of the regicides formed part of the 1914 Belgrade ministry. The cabinet of that year was, however, the beneficiary of conditions brought about by unclean daggers. It could not, therefore, give to the pursuit of political crime that same whole-hearted energy that would have characterized a regime that had not had a baptism of blood.

And, besides, the Serajevo plotters honestly believed that they were working for the welfare of their race. The rape of Bosnia-Herzegovina called out to them for vengeance. They looked upon Francis Ferdinand as an incarnate fiend who symbolized foreign domination, reaction and bigotry. They felt that in making war upon him they were fighting for the emancipation of Slavs. His presence in their midst on the anniversary of the battle of Kossovo was accepted by them as a challenge. His murder was, therefore, not a commonplace assassination but the outward expression of the national aspirations of a crude, imperfectly civilized, sanguinary people who had seen murder applauded in 1905 and who employed in 1914, for the liberation of what they considered their soil, the same methods which others had successfully adopted for doing away with an objectionable dynasty. The authors of the crime of June 28, 1914, were convinced that they were face to face with a situation which called for a desperate remedy. Their idea was that if Francis Ferdinand were not summarily removed the subjection of fellow Slavs would become even more oppressive

than ever. The principle of self-preservation once again comes into play, for the motive back of the conspiracy, I repeat, as it shaped itself in minds which are closed books to Americans, was to save kinsmen from the heel of Austrian tyranny.

Germany, as she saw things, was morally estopped from failing to support Austria in what both of the Germanic powers conscientiously believed to be an unprovoked attack by assassins condoned by a neighboring State. One is able to obtain a good insight into what Berlin thought not only during the fateful four weeks which preceded the war but during the previous years. This results not merely from the reams of paper that Emperor, Crown Prince, soldiers, statesmen, and others have published but also from the opening up of hitherto secret archives. The Wilhelmstrasse is no longer a closed book. One may now get to the bottom of things. All of this light reveals a morbid love for sword rattling, a diseased mentality, and an inordinate vanity. It shows, however, that once Bismarck had definitely disposed of France his entire diplomacy worked consistently and unremittingly towards the maintenance of peace. One may retort that it was a German type of peace based upon Prussian hegemony. The answer is, nevertheless, that it involved the elimination of bloodshed and the furtherance of peace in the sense admitted by all dictionaries.

And this programme was not departed from by William II, or to be more accurate, he was not conscious of having deviated from it. He came to power when Germany was in the midst of a gigantic trade expansion. The Fatherland had, after 1870, ceased exporting men. It then began to ship merchandise abroad. The development of the German merchant marine was the logical consequence of this new activity. The desire to have these German greyhounds and cargo boats protected by German cruisers was but a corollary that flowed from these two primary propositions. German statesmen did not desire that their battleships

should be considered as provocative armaments. They talked about them so much that they convinced themselves that the mission of these cruisers was eminently pacific.

And then came 1904, when France said to England: "You may have Egypt if you'll give me Morocco." This hurt Germany's pride, for it implied that with all of her brass helmets, goose steps, and prestige no place in the sun was allotted to her. But while all that I have read tends to prove truculence, aggressiveness, and cocksureness, neither the Kaiser nor his advisers appear to have deliberately gone about preparing the great holocaust. Ludwig, in his "William II," has drawn a vivid picture of the warped mental development of the Kaiser. He shows that the Hohenzollern was a congenital misfit but criminal intent results neither from his sketch nor from the official documents or the testimony of those who have found publishers. The worst that can be said is that all of this evidence may be construed as establishing that the exaggerated ego of the German people changed a great nation into a race of paranoiacs who in good faith strove to fasten upon the world their type of peace and who fought only when they were convinced that England, France, and Russia were determined to isolate them and then crush them. A war waged under such conditions is one entered into in behalf of the maxim of self-preservation.

The Bolsheviks have done their best to establish the war guilt of the Tzarist government. They have ransacked every available secret file and have done so, as lawyers would say, with malice aforethought. I have read the French edition of their "Black Books." They have been obviously prepared with the idea of damning Isvolski and Poincaré. To my mind all that they prove is that the Russian had unspeakable contempt for French bureaucrats and politicians and worked for Poincaré's elevation to power because he looked upon the latter as a man of brains and energy who would give vitality to the defensive policy incorporated in the Franco-

Russian alliance. Nothing has been adduced to show that the Tzar or his advisers wanted war. But the sentimental ties that bound them to Servia were such that they were unable to remain quiet and see a Slav nation wiped off the map by Austria. The call of the blood, not a thirst for blood, caused Russia to come to the defense of her race. When Russia intervened Germany, under her treaty with Austria, was obligated to draw her sword. France, as a consequence of this, had to respect her signature and enter the fray. A local war thus became a European war and in time a world war. But a spirit of aggression moved neither St. Petersburg nor Paris, if one is willing to be guided by all of the available evidence.

The motive back of Italy's neutrality bothered me until I read Erzberger's *"Erlebnisse im Weltkriege."* The south German pointed out that Austria and Germany ignored the Quirinal during all of the discussions with Servia that preceded the war. And then, when I studied Giolitti's Memoirs, I learned that during the previous Balkan troubles Italy had officially advised both Austria and Germany that she did not consider that an attack by the former upon Servia would fall within the purview of the Triple Alliance. Italy's neutrality being thus consistent with her treaty obligations, self-preservation in time threw her into the arms of the Allies for, had she failed to help them to win, and thus perhaps have rendered their defeat possible, chastisement would have been meted out to her. I shall say nothing about England, Belgium, and America. The reasons back of their action are too well known to require amplification.

III

This good faith fills me with concern for it emphasizes the perils of the situation. If Germany and Austria had shown criminal intent it would be possible to put them in moral quarantine and to treat them as lepers. But where men have acted under what they have believed to be just

provocation, ostracism becomes almost an impossibility. And yet, to my way of thinking, we are now where we were in 1914, for Germany considers herself unconquered on land, unconquered on sea, and unconquered in the air, and has become convinced, by her study of the war guilt problem, that her militarist leaders did not provoke the war. The result is that the Reich has not been cured of that mentality which created an outlook upon life that made war inevitable at some more or less indeterminate date.

I have spent some of the happiest months of my life in Germany. German literature has an affectionate hold upon my heart. I have many German friends of whom I am very fond. They appear to me to be peaceful and peace loving. Yet, with my study of the circumstances connected with the 1914 explosion I cannot close my eyes to the salient fact that militarism dominates Germany and that the war has not effectively attenuated this spirit or weakened the German's confidence in the supremacy of his fighting machine or in the pacific intentions of the old guard. He is now accepting a Republic and has given it a Hohenzollern façade by choosing Hindenburg for President. He is marking time and sawing wood. The Socialist group is republican at heart but that heart itself is not free from a tinge of militarism.

And all of these books that I have read, and these Kautsky and *Bayerische Dokumente* which I have not had time to peruse, teach this extreme left faction that what Treitschke preached, Bismarck arranged, and Moltke executed was nothing but unadulterated righteousness. This campaign against war guilt which is now going on in Germany is bound to rehabilitate the moral prestige of the Kaiser William government. This will inevitably mean a recrudescence of truculence, for men who are convinced of their own good faith and of their prowess do not sit down and accept defeat.

I cannot see in a League of Nations, World Court, Kel-

logg Pact, or any device based upon wax and parchment a solution to the problem thus presented. I shall not speak of the first alternative for we have definitely rejected it. As to a World Court, all that I shall say is that judges reflect the civilizations from which they are recruited. English judges are impartial because traditions have so moulded their mentality. Certain countries have a corrupt judiciary because their state of mind forgives venality in high office. Other nations make of their courts part of their bureaucracy and condone political decisions.

I recall the dispute between Italy and Greece which grew out of the frontier murders. As soon as the League of Nations was seized with the question two South American Republics, which have large Italian colonies, wired their delegates to vote in favor of Italy. The problem was submitted to what was called the Ambassadors' Conference. We were not represented thereon. There was not a scintilla of evidence adduced to show that Greece had sinned by omission or by commission. Yet these ambassadors, acting as judges, mulcted weak Greece in heavy damages in favor of powerful Italy. When ambassadorial justice keeps such an ear to the ground World Courts should be fought shy of until civilization advances a bit further. In accepting, at the present moment, any form of an international judiciary we would be taking seats around a green table where our idea of how gentlemen should conduct themselves would be looked upon as quixotic naïveté by many of those presumably bound by the same oath and by like standards of right and wrong.

And one should envisage the possibility of a similar result flowing from any international device that the ingenuity of man might create, including the Kellogg Pact. I see as our best means of escape from a further world war the candid acceptance of two postulates. One is a recognition of the fact that Continental Europe thinks along lines so radically different from our preconceived ideas that

we are living in fool's paradise if we imagine that we can see eye to eye with these Latins, Teutons, and Slavs. The other is a willingness to understand England.

IV

If the two great branches of the English-speaking world will learn to trust one another, as do the United States and Canada, a moral force will spring from this good will which will prove irresistible. An alliance would be a tactical blunder. An entente would be a mistake. Any commitment, undertaking, or exchange of assurances would be an error of judgment. There should be allowed simply and solely to germinate, grow, and expand such a sentiment of mutual esteem and confidence as will guarantee that in any emergency each of the two friendly powers will be assured that the other will lay all of its cards before it and set forth its point of view with that candor which characterizes the relations between men who know one another intimately and who respect one another.

I do not favor any "hands across the sea" nonsense. I desire an alert, trained, and courageous American diplomatic service which will be worthy of the incomparable British Foreign Office. Our people must be justified in believing that our State Department is ruled by men who will not be putty in any nation's hand. We, therefore, have an internal problem to solve as well as an international one with which to cope. If we adjust satisfactorily these two factors Germany or any other power which may develop an acute case of militarism or be brought to the brink of war as the result of chronic militarism will think twice before taking the plunge if it mean encountering an Anglo-American veto, not ordained by a treaty but springing spontaneously from the enlightened public opinion of two great democracies both guided by equally well-informed, patriotic, and fearless diplomatists.

If the existence of this moral force percolate into the

minds of European statesmen they will look, stop, and listen before appealing anew to the God of Battle. But I cannot too strongly urge that in working towards this ideal we must carefully abstain from participating in the solution of problems that do not vitally affect us. We must confine not only our interference but our moral censorship to issues that immediately affect us. We must do nothing that will tend to bring us into the maelstrom of European intrigue. We must know what are our rights and avoid committing ourselves to any policy which might lead us blindfolded into hot water. And then when we have taken our stand we must see to it that our freedom of action always remains unimpaired.

DONKEY'S DELIGHT

By STRINGFELLOW BARR

HE WAS a proper little donkey, with slim athletic legs and small trim hooves. His furry hide was a sleek dark brown, nearly black, not at all like the indecisive gray of certain discolored donkeys I have known. Only his nose was gray halfway to his eyes, as if he had rummaged in a flour-barrel, and the insides of his lithe legs and all of his round belly, so that he looked like a little rabbit.

I knew that he was light gray around the eyes too, like a black-faced comedian, though I could not see his eyes for the bandage he wore. This he was forced to do, because he was at work, and otherwise would have lacked the willpower to keep at his task. Without his bandage, he would never have consented to walk for hours in a little circle around a stone well, on the Italian Riviera, with the glittering blue Mediterranean on one side, and on the other, high above the gardens and vineyards and tinted pink and yellow houses, the great still mountains of the Apennines. Every time he walked around the stone well, tugging a beam that projected from the center, six more small tin buckets appeared, one after the other, emptied their quota of cool well-water into an irrigation trough, and descended into the well again. The little donkey kept to his work, blind, like Sampson in the mill of the Philistines, not daring even to munch some flowers that brushed him as he passed each time, though he must have caught their fragrance in the cool damp air. Not daring, for was he not doing his duty?

All day long the grapes and tomatoes basked in the sun and felt the breeze of the blue sea and watched the great

green mountains towering somnolently above them. When the breeze died fitfully, the sun would grow of a sudden almost uncomfortably warm on their red and purple skins; and then a fresh salty gust would send their juices tingling.

And at the close of each day, when it was safe to wet the red earth without fear of baking it, the little donkey, with his long gray nose and twinkling legs, blinded and unheeding, would trudge solemnly around the stone well, performing his routine duties. Each time he brought his right foreleg forward, he would bring his head up with a little jerk; and his long ears pointed steadily ahead like the groping antennæ of a busy insect. He could not see the purple-blue waters of the sea that danced in the crimson sunlight, nor the darkening green mountains. He scarcely even smelt the heavy odors of the garden and vineyard. His only thought for himself was to switch his tail from side to side to drive the flies from his flanks; and even this he did chiefly because flies destroyed his efficiency.

He had heard that his ancestors, in the old dark days, had no wells nor any duties they might call their own; but raced along the shores of blue seas and up mountain defiles, braying gleefully in their ignorance. But when he thought of this his long ears tingled with shame and he thrashed with his tail intolerantly. These his ancestors were no better, he reflected, than the tomatoes and grapes, that live and grow and die, content, smiling, without duty or devotion. He believed that this was what was meant by the word evolution. He dared to hope that some day he could perform his routine duties without his bandage, with naught but his will-power to defend him against the insidious fragrances of the garden and the blue waters and green mountainsides, darkening deliciously in the twilight. Or if not he, then his children, or children's children. He felt that if his grandchildren could not dispense with their bandage, then the words evolution and civilization had no significance, and life

became a mere mockery, a bray, a thing of colors and smells, without meaning or moral.

But usually he kept his faith in himself and his work, and in the work of all the hundreds of donkeys on the Italian Riviera, who march patiently around their wells, their eyes bandaged against distraction, their tails trimmed decorously into efficient fly-brushes, their noses light gray and rising each time they advance their slender right forelegs. We shall have our reward, he says. Think of the thousands of buckets of water we have raised with machine-like precision. Think of the idle pleasures we have denied ourselves. We shall assuredly have our reward. May our reward be the power, some day, to go head up, eyes unbandaged but unseeing, performing our routine duties. That would be freedom; that would be heaven.

And I laughed at this proper little donkey and his solemn sense of duty. He looked so utterly fatuous and futile, with his eyes blinded to all that incredible beauty of light and color, marching determinedly around his well. But, I said to myself, after all he is only an ignorant little donkey, of a race proverbial for its fatuity and its futility. And I hastened to thank God that we men are not as these poor donkeys are.

THE TEN FRENCH NOVELS WHICH I . . .

By ANDRÉ GIDE

I HAVE been asked which ten French novels I like most. I believe it was Jules Lemaître who started the fashion of the little game Pierre Louys and I used to play when we were still in rhetoric: "If you had to pass the rest of your days on a desert island, which twenty books would you rather take with you?" Twenty books! We thought it was very few to people a desert and furnish the pleasure of a lifetime; so instead of writing the titles of works, we wrote the names of authors. For example, we chose simply Goethe, which kept us from having to choose between "Faust," "Wilhelm Meister," and the poems. Then we resorted to ruses; we chose Amyot, which guaranteed us the delightful "Daphnis and Chloe" with "Plutarch" thrown in. We chose Leconte de Lisle, whose translations seemed to us then to display an unsurpassable Hellenism. I used to choose Sainte-Beuve. . . . In this way our library of twenty authors furnished us with from three to four hundred volumes.

I have kept several of these lists, which we made out anew each term. I search among them in vain for the name of a novelist.

Though the novel is the latest born child, today it enjoys most favor. In the body of literature, particularly French literature, it holds small place; we were not so short-sighted that we were not already able to see that. It is true that at twenty we had not yet discovered Stendhal. But even if I had to choose among this writer's works, would it be his novels I should pick? Or rather his letters, his "Henri Brulard," his "Journal," and his "Reminiscences"?

But today it is novels I am asked to designate; what is worse, French novels!

I have hesitated a long time between "The Red and the Black" and "The Charterhouse of Parma." In my doubt, I even came near picking "Lucien Leuwen," for which I retained a certain predilection as long as I had not reread the other two. But no: "The Charterhouse" remains the unique book; even though "The Red and the Black" be at first acquaintance more surprising, "The Charterhouse" has this one magic quality; every time one goes back to it, it is always a new book one is reading.

When I reopen Montesquieu, La Fontaine, Montaigne, I can always taste in them some sentence from which at first I had not sucked all the marrow, or which, even, I had not noticed; my mind can listen with more docility, with more intelligence, to their counsel, or, if it refuses to, it is for the most judicious reasons. . . . I deny myself unceasingly to Stendhal; I should find only boredom in what brings him pleasure; prolonged, his company would be deadly to me; but like Racine's Britannicus, it is always with a new face that Mosca, Fabrice, and the duchess smile at me, that the whole book smiles at me. What grace in his detail! What elegance in the cleanness of his line! How little he insists! . . . I leave him; I come back to him; never shall I finish talking of him.

The great secret of this diverse youth is that Stendhal, and particularly in his "Charterhouse," wishes to affirm literally nothing; the whole book was written for pleasure. Hardly ever, here and there (much less than in the other two books), does Stendhal take sides; it is in that way that he might age. How I love him on the contrary when he writes: "I fear lest Fabrice's credulity deprive him of the reader's sympathy; but after all thus he was: why flatter him more than another?" And how much more even would I love him if he were pretending less, if he had written that more sincerely.

There remain in man a great many regions which Stendhal has not discovered, and he does not even like to discover anything he cannot later explain; the ultra-violet tones escape him, precisely those which occupy us most today; a certain theory of pleasure pushes him to conclusions a little too quickly; he shuts himself in a little too deliberately. . . . No matter! If I had to choose ten novels, without bothering about their origin, I should pick two French ones: "The Charterhouse" would be the first.

The "Liaisons Dangereuses" of Laclos would be the other.

I loved this book so much at first — I ask myself now whether I am not making too much of it. I must reread it. I did not discover it, happily, until pretty late; I mean nearer thirty than twenty. Readers who are too young get tired of Madame de Tourvel's resistances; they believe the book would gain if she gave way sooner to Valmont and spent less time afterwards in bewailing. They deserve to prefer Faublas.

Everything in the "Liaisons" disconcerts me, and nothing I have ever learned about Laclos enlightens me as to his motives for writing this novel. I have almost come to the point of doubting whether, in his impertinent preface, the author is mocking, or whether he really did not imagine that he was "rendering a service to morals" as he says. I should wish this were the case, and that this book might prove by *reductio ad absurdum* that to render service to morals is to render disservice to art. It must be admitted that he becomes rather mediocre when he plumes himself, near the end, on making up for things and putting in the right not only the wife of President de Tourvel, in whom sincere love and virtue are incarnate, but even Madame de Volanges, Madame de Rosemont, and other supernumeraries who represent, if you will, the party of good morals—against which true love and true virtue will always have to struggle, and more than the Valmonts and Merteuils ever did.

And sometimes on the contrary I doubt whether, under

cover of a virtuous intention, Laclos did not wish rather to compose the real manual of debauch. After all debauchery is not the Merteuil's vice or Valmont's, but rather Danceny's and the Little Volanges'; debauch starts where pleasure begins to dissociate itself from love. I am hardly forcing my point if I decline to see a debauchee in Valmont, but only a libertine; in Don Juan, not so much a profligate as an unbeliever. Danceny is no longer a debauchee when he ceases to love Cécile. Between the sensations of pleasure and the feelings of love, the cleavage is not so fatal, nor even perfectly natural. "Love, which people vaunt to us as the cause of our pleasures, is no more at most than their pretext." This little sentence, which Laclos puts in the Merteuil's mouth, throws plain light on some of the supposed "mysteries" of the human heart.

In like manner it is in this book that I find, and always in the same letter of the Marquise de Merteuil, the subtlest and most pertinent criticism, even though the most indirect, of the doctrines of Barrès. "Believe me, Viscount," says she, "one rarely acquires good traits one can do without." And the environment Barrès postulates puts man in precisely that situation which exacts from him only the least effort and the least virtue. . . . We have developed this elsewhere.

After these two novels, if my choice is not restricted to France, I shall cite only foreign ones.

"What! You think no more of France than that?"

"Simply: in my eyes, it is not in the novel that France excels."

France is a country of moralists, of incomparable artists, of composers and architects, of orators. Whom will foreigners put against Montaigne, Pascal, Molière, Bossuet, Racine? But, to offset this, what is a Le Sage beside a Fielding or a Cervantes? An Abbé Prévost compared to a Defoe? And what, even, is a Balzac when faced with a Dostoevsky? . . . Or, if you prefer, what is a "Princess of Cleves" beside a "Britannicus"?

Nevertheless I must pick "The Princess of Cleves," since my choice is to be restricted to French. But I confess I feel only a mild admiration for this book. There is nothing new to be said about it, nor anything that has not been well said. Without doubt, there are various ways of reacting to "The Princess of Cleves," and it is possible not to like this novel at all; but the moment one likes it, I defy him to have more than one reason for liking it. There is no secret, no withdrawal, no indirection; no unutilized resources—everything is set out clearly, exploited, there is nothing further to wait for. Without doubt this is the height of art: a *nec plus ultra* without possibility of further development. Shall I really put "The Princess of Cleves" on my list? Or rather "Le Roman Bourgeois"? Ah, if only Furetière were Molière; and Javotte, Monsieur Jourdain! . . .

In default of "Moll Flanders," shall I now choose "Manon Lescaut"? Perhaps. Warm blood courses through it. . . . Yet I feel uncomfortable before this book; it has too many readers, and of the worst sort; I prefer not to like it.

"When you read it, you shed plenty of tears!"

"Precisely. I blame it a little for that. If it touched my mind first, I would be more willing to have it touch my heart too."

To offset this, I do not hesitate for an instant to seize on "Dominique." So beautiful is the modesty of this book, it seems almost indiscreet to talk about it. It is not a sublime book; it is a friendly book. It speaks intimately, so much so that when one reads it, it seems as if one were talking to oneself, or as if one had no need of any other friend.

Nothing is artificial in "Dominique"; Fromentin shows in it that he is undoubtedly an artist, but not particularly a man of letters; all the good qualities of his pen are merely those of his intelligence and his heart.

What novel of Balzac shall one prefer? How can one prefer only one Balzac novel? The "Human Comedy" forms a whole; to admire only a fragment of it is to admire it badly.

It is well to read Balzac before twenty-five; afterwards it becomes too difficult. Through what balderdash one goes in him to hunt one's food! Even then one is not always rewarded, for, as soon as he has set forth his characters, their sublimest words are foreseen; to say that they are topical is to say everything. . . . I know. But it is important to have read Balzac—all Balzac. Certain literary men have believed it possible to dispense with him; later they may not have wholly realized something that they lacked; one realizes it for them.

It is "La Cousine Bette," I believe, that I find most profit in rereading; let us say it is the book I choose from Balzac.

I choose next "Madame Bovary," without comment. A discussion of Flaubert would run away with me; I reserve it.

I have loved Flaubert for a long time, as a master, as a friend, as a brother; his correspondence was my bedside book. Ah, how I read it, around twenty! There is not a sentence of it today that I am not familiar with. . . . The most important progress of my mind, since, has been to dare to judge it. Even today, there is nothing more painful to me than to hear Flaubert criticized by someone who has not first loved him. For example I recently read an article on him, which was almost hateful to me; though if it had not sought to damn, it would not have seemed to me unjust. But it attacked only the form and seemed to ignore at the same time the importance of Flaubert and the very point of the question. Nietzsche at least would not have mistaken the meaning of an aberration so plausible; the passion with which he denounces it really indicates a sort of admiration and his hatred is only the revulsion of his respect and love.

What will those who are already crying down "Madame Bovary" say when they hear me name "Germinal"? Never-

theless such a book is not dispensed with by saying that none of the praise Stendhal deserved could be applied to Zola; nor even does it make me consider it less admirable. I remain almost astonished, it is true, that it should be written in our language; but I cannot imagine it more easily in any other language whatever. It is an annex to literature. It should have been written in Volapük.

Such as it is, this work exists; it affirms itself; it is masterly; it could not have been written differently.

I was not asked to designate ten models here. If I incline by preference to these books, it is even less because I seek to recognize myself in them, to adore in them my own reflection. Certain critics have reproached me with the eclecticism of my tastes and have called me a dilettante because I have exacted only from myself the qualities which they exact only from others. They are working, say they, to reform the taste of the public; they do well, and I am grateful to them for preparing readers for me.

Yet I notice there is one book lacking on my list. . . . Now, for the last one, let us take something new: this one, for example—and I blush not to have read it yet: Marivaux's "Marianne."

POETRY

THE HOUSE BY THE MARSH

NO, THERE is never anybody there,
Only a battered memory in its face
Remains like wisdom in a platitude,
Hardly worth while to trace.
Yet on one night of highest altitude
Canopus always comes to satisfy
    Himself with watchdog stare
        And bloodshot eye
That there is never anybody there.

It seems—perhaps—they might come back again,
Who left this grim house staring at the marsh,
Listening to sucking tides day after day;
Listening to clucking marsh hens and the harsh,
Drear wind of autumn—or the calm
Drone of the trade wind, and the psalm
Of moonlight ripples on the fen—
It seems as if they must come back again.

What more than pain would their lost ecstasies
Now be to them if exiled from this ground!
Who left behind mysterious memories
And open doors in rooms without a sound.
Here they lay breast to breast and skull to skull,
Striving to prove the garments of their bones
Were not so dead, and not so very dull.
Will they now stay in bed all night with stones?
Whether they come or not I cannot say—

There is a sunken grave.
Someone is waiting till I go away,
Meanwhile the shadows wave—

Like mouths of nothing in this solitude,
The moon of dry hydrangeas makes old lace;
The old house weathers in one attitude,
The fretwork staggering across its face.
And this, the night of his high altitude,
That star will climb the zodiacal stair
To satisfy himself with bloodshot eye
For one short hour in the southern sky
That there is never anybody there.

HERVEY ALLEN

CHICKEN BLOOD

THE old black crone beside the fire
Will be awake this Friday night,
Honing an axe—honing, honing—
And a West Indian melody intoning.
For Saturday will bring at early light
The wagons with the chickens from the farm,
And she will taste the last of all delight
Killing; killing chickens in the court,
The old, dark granny's only sport—
The axe and twitching bodies, and the blood
Upon her hands, splashes on her face like mud
From thick, volcanic springs still warm.

Tonight she takes the clay pipe from her hair—
Honing, honing—
And lights it by the faggots' orange glare,
Sucking the rank tobacco and the midnight air—
This old West Indian crone—
Drooling, droning, feeling the axe along,
Crooning, moaning an old, old song.

Ah, sweet to take another being's breath!
So near the grave,
To prove herself alive by dealing death.
To hear the sodden chop, chop, chop,
To see the headless bodies flap and flop—
The piteous chuckling and the chortling
Of her victims and the thrill
Of the axe, and the flash,
And the flap, flap—*plop*—
And the rows of feathered bodies lying still!

"Ah-eee," she sings and she sighs,
Listening to the mating of the cats, and the cries
Of the owls, and the ring
Of the axe that she fingers
With the touch of the harpist when he lingers
On the last high note—
That is rising in her throat—
She could sing to the axe, she could sing!

HERVEY ALLEN

SYLVAN MIDNIGHT

THE moon rolled down a cliff of smoke
And left it torn with shaggy light.
Among the shadows of an oak
A rabbit crouched as still as night
And listened to a tree-toad croak.

Then suddenly, behind a trace
Of pearly cloud, the moon grew pale;
The rabbit loped across the trail
Into the bushes' silver lace.

The lonely tree-toad held its note
A golden bubble in its throat;
And all was silent and remote.

JOHN BRYAN

THE SOUTH'S LOST LEADERSHIP

By J. N. AIKEN

ALTHOUGH Southern literature now boasts many figures that command national attention, the level of Southern political leadership remains low. The Sahara of the Bozart has become a fertile and productive field, but the dreary waste of Southern politics is still without human vegetation of more than local significance. There is no crop of public men below the Potomac to compare with the Glasgows, the Cabells, the Paul Greens, and with many others whose accomplishments have filled the Southern literary granaries.

During the Revolution and for nearly fifty years thereafter, the South furnished political leadership for the nation. Four of the first five Presidents were Virginians, and seven of the fifteen men who occupied the White House before 1860 were Southerners. The political history of that early period is studded with the names of men from the South whose minds and talents shone in the cabinet and in Congress. But since that time we have become progressively less prolific until today the sterility of Southern politics is more notable that the productivity of Southern literature. No Southerner has occupied the White House since Andrew Johnson. Candidates for the presidency and the vice-presidency, with a single exception in the case of Senator Robinson, have been drawn from other sections of the country for three quarters of a century. Southern men could not have been expected during this period to distinguish themselves in the cabinet, for the very good reason that, save for the eight years under Wilson, they have been favored with but few important administrative ap-

pointments. But in Congress, where they have had opportunities to develop leadership, they have made but little use of their advantages. The South has committee chairmanships, to be sure, when the legislative majorities are Democratic, but the great names in the Congressional hierarchy of today are not Southern names. Norris, Walsh of Montana, La Follette, Couzens, Borah—these are now the shining figures in the Senate, and the only Southern name to be mentioned in the same breath, now that Underwood is gone, is that of Carter Glass. In the House, the South is indeed on a level with the rest of the country, but it is a level of mediocrity, to which the representatives of every section are held in a legislative body so large as to make efficiency dependent on gag rule. The fact that the South measures up to the average in that quarter is hardly a cause for congratulation.

Of popular leaders capable of appealing to the mind and heart of the nation on great issues, the South has produced none since Jackson. Bryan, Roosevelt, Wilson, La Follette, Smith were all products of the North or the West. Wilson was Southern born, and his boyhood years were spent below the Mason and Dixon line. But after he arrived at manhood, the only Southern influence with which he came into intimate contact was the University of Virginia law school. With this exception, his mature experience and training for political leadership were of the North. The South can not claim him as its own exclusive product. In the field of intellectual leadership, the story is the same. The great minds of American politics in recent years have been Wilson, Hughes, and Root. These men from another section have carried on the tradition the South began when it gave Jefferson, Madison, and Marshall to the nation.

The decline in the quality of Southern leadership may be partly attributed to the blighting effect of the one-party system. It is quite generally recognized that the South's

Democratic solidarity has helped to prevent the nomination of Southern men for the presidency and vice-presidency. But that is not the only injury resulting from long adherence to a single political faith. With no second party worthy of the name until last year's presidential election, the Southern States have been for generations deprived of the stimulating influence of well-organized political conflict. Democratic primaries have developed a measure of controversy, but primary contests have usually been between machine and anti-machine candidates, and those in the latter group have too often been too unwilling to offend the machine to press their issues with the utmost vigor. Even in cases where the disposition to attack has been clearly in evidence, the organization for effective political action has often been lacking. The primary has saved Southern politics from complete stagnation, with which this region was threatened under the convention system, but even so there has been all too little of the real, well-organized political fighting to be seen in States where the two-party system obtains. As a result, the opportunities for developing first-rate political leadership have been relatively restricted.

It is not intended to suggest in making this point that the South has suffered more from serious public abuses under the one-party system than have other sections. The Southern Democratic party has maintained reasonable standards of decency in its conduct of public affairs. If the Ferguson administration in Texas was productive of some distressing incidents, they were no worse than those which occurred in Illinois under Small nor were they as bad as those which disgraced Indiana under McCray. The South has indeed elevated many mountebanks to office, but they have as a rule kept within the law. That is more than can be said for some of the products of the two-party system in the North and East. The consideration to be noted here is that the one-party system, even though decently ad-

ministered, has tended to prevent the development of the superior types of leadership that are often seen in States where well-organized political controversy is the rule.

In recent years, many tendencies have been working toward the disestablishment of the one-party system in the South and, conversely, toward the rise of the two-party system. With the decline in the proportion of Negro population, the spread of education in the Negro race, and the growing disinclination of white Republican leaders in the South to affiliate closely with Negro voters, the racial arguments on which the one-party system was founded have lost much of their force. The infiltration of Republican voters from the North, the growth of Southern industry with its attendant demand for increased tariff protection, the conviction that the South might command more favorable treatment at Washington if its electoral vote were more in doubt—these and other influences have conspired to increase the Republican vote and to re-establish the bipartisan system, especially in the States of Tennessee, Virginia, North Carolina, and Florida.

The presidential campaign of 1928 imparted a new impetus to these tendencies by detaching large numbers of former Democrats from their party connections. The conditions under which the separation occurred cannot be regarded without misgiving. Most of the bolters left the Democratic party chiefly because of their fears of the Roman church. Such an inspiration reflects no credit on them or on the region in which they live. Nevertheless, positive gains may accrue from this manifestation of party independence. Some of those who left the Democratic fold rather than vote for a Catholic will affiliate permanently with the Republican group, which will acquire a new numerical dignity and a greater ability to challenge Democratic supremacy in local and general elections. In the ensuing political conflicts, there will be a more abund-

ant opportunity to develop higher types of leadership in the Southern States.

But the restoration of the two-party system may be a slow process, and even if it were to be completed immediately, it would fall far short of giving the South the prestige this section enjoyed in national affairs a century ago. There are other factors besides conflict which enter into the equation of political leadership. Among them an important place must be accorded to population. Southern men were in the ascendancy at Washington during the early stages of our national history partly because they represented populous States and a populous section. Virginia, which gave the nation four of its first five Presidents, topped the list of States in the first three censuses. North Carolina was the fourth State in population until 1830. The South, exclusive of the border States, had thirty-eight per cent. of the total population in 1790 and thirty-four per cent. in 1810. This was a much larger proportion than the twenty-five per cent. which the South, minus the border States, has today.

With leadership in population went also leadership in the electoral vote. The presence of a large number of slaves operated to reduce Southern representation in the House, but even so, the Southern electoral vote was much larger in proportion than it is today. Virginia, the mother of presidents, owed her preëminence in this line partly to this circumstance. In the first, second, and third presidential elections, Virginia cast twenty-one electoral votes. Massachusetts was far behind with only sixteen, while Pennsylvania and New York had fourteen and twelve respectively. At that time there were only one hundred thirty-two electoral votes. Virginia with its twenty-one controlled nearly one-sixth of the whole. New York with ten per cent. of the entire electoral vote today is in a far less favorable position.

Lack of population is hardly a bar to the development of first-rate political ability, but it does tend to prevent the

exercise of national leadership. Other things being equal, the man from a populous State with a large vote in Congress and in the electoral college will command the attention of the parties and the nation more readily than a man from a State having only a small number of voters. A conspicuously successful public man in New York with its forty-five electoral votes has a better chance to become a national figure than a man of the same ability in Nebraska with only eight places in the electoral college. Especially in the choice of presidential candidates is the element of population important. The South's handicap on this score is a serious impediment in the way of its ambition once more to furnish the parties with standard bearers for the national campaigns.

At the present rate it will be many years before this handicap is removed. While the South is experiencing a more rapid industrial and commercial development than in former years, its population does not seem to be keeping pace with the growth of industry. In point of fact, the estimates furnished the House in connection with the reapportionment bill indicate that Southern States will lose five Representatives in Congress and gain only four on the returns from the 1930 census. If this forecast is correct, there is no immediate prospect that the South will become numerically more important in the national legislature or in the electoral college.

Numerical inferiority is not, however, an insurmountable obstacle to leadership in Congress or in the cabinet. The great bar to the development of such leadership in the South is not the sparsity of population, nor even the one-party system, but rather the lack of a cause. The West has produced leaders like Borah, La Follette, Norris and Bryan largely because of its enthusiasm for a cause. For forty years, the West has devoted its undivided political attention and its enthusiasm to the restoration and development of agriculture. Whatever one may think of some of the policies that

have been advanced in the service of the farming industry, it is evident that the zeal for its welfare has furnished the motive power for one of the most formidable political movements of the time and the inspiration for some of the most impressive and unselfish public leaders.

There was a time when the South was also enthusiastic over political causes. During the Revolutionary era this section was deeply moved by its devotion to the new concepts of political and economic liberty on which our revolt against the mother country rested. Fifty years later, it was equally aroused in the defense of an economic system threatened with destruction through abolitionist agitation. But since Appomattox, the South has centered its political devotion on causes which seem incapable of developing first-class thinking and first-class leadership.

Chief among the South's political preoccupations has been the maintenance of white supremacy, a local rather than a national issue. It is not the purpose here to dogmatize about the race issue. It is one of those great and perplexing social enigmas that call for earnest questioning rather than for positive assertion. But one conclusion stands out clearly in the controversial maze surrounding this difficult problem. It is that white supremacy is not a cause upon which to rear an enduring structure of national political leadership. Consider for a moment, the men who have been during the past thirty years the principal champions of white supremacy: Vardaman of Mississippi, Blease of South Carolina, Jeff Davis of Arkansas. The exploits and the preachments of these men are matters intelligent Southerners would prefer to forget. Yet their names are more closely identified than any others with the issue upon which the South has rested its long political solidarity. If these be the fruits of racial agitation — and there is no reason to believe it can produce better—the South cannot expect to regain its lost leadership while continuing to harp on this issue to the exclusion of all others. The more quickly we dis-

place a major issue so fraught with possibilities of obscurantism, the sooner shall we be able to evolve a straight-thinking, straight-acting type of leadership.

After white supremacy, the South's chief concern in recent years has been prohibition. For a time, it seemed that the warfare on the liquor traffic might prove the political touchstone to bring out the highest qualities of Southern leadership. For a few decades, the South yielded to prohibition a more intense devotion than any other large section. Southern States and Southern public men took the lead in suggesting the Eighteenth Amendment and this whole region was enthusiastic in its early insistence on the sanctity of that enactment. But the hope that prohibition would raise up a higher type of Southern leadership has been disappointed. The dry cause would seem to have developed agitators rather than leaders. Its principal non-clerical spokesmen in the South are the offensive Upshaw of Georgia and the inoffensive Sheppard of Texas. Neither of these men appeal to the imagination of the South or of any other section. Nor does the experience of the remainder of the nation encourage the expectation that future prohibition leaders will be of a higher type. There would seem to be something narrowing, restrictive in the association with the clerical minds that really direct the prohibitory movement. All of those who come into intimate contact with it, Senator Borah alone excepted, suffer a diminution of their intellectual capacities. Even Senator Borah was led in the last presidential campaign to adopt some expedients and to advance some arguments which his more sincere friends and admirers might well have preferred that he leave alone.

A third major interest of the South in recent years has been its antagonism to the Catholic church. The extent and the intensity of this antagonism it is no longer possible to doubt. A conviction so strong as to throw five of the Southern States into the Republican column in a presidential election is manifestly as powerful as it is malignant.

But the leadership of the anti-Catholic movement is another story. Southern anti-Catholicism's finest offering to the nation is Tom Heflin. The voters of Alabama seem to hold Heflin in enduring affection, but he is hardly a figure to carry on the tradition of Southern statesmanship initiated by Washington and Jefferson and carried on by Calhoun and Jefferson Davis. A more ridiculous fellow than this tilter at papal windmills it would be difficult to find.

These are the matters in which the South has exhibited the greatest interest in the past few decades. If none of them contains the makings of a cause to fire the imagination of Southern leaders, it would seem that the South is condemned to a long period of mediocrity in its public men. The immediate prospect, it must be admitted, is not promising. But the case is not altogether hopeless. Southern life and Southern industry are undergoing a series of transformations. Out of the processes of change, new issues may arise to enlist the sympathies of the Southern people and create a new moral fervor in the hearts of Southern leaders. Industrial expansion, with its tendency toward the concentration of wealth and influence in the hands of a small group, brings in its train inevitable issues as to the regulation of commerce and banking, the wages and working conditions of labor, the distribution of tariff privileges, and the conservation of natural resources, including water power. The South, because of its retarded economic development, has felt the impact of but few of these issues. They will press more and more into the foreground of political discussion as the Southern States join the march of industrial progress. With their emergence the opportunities for developing a great and appealing cause will multiply.

A corresponding development may be expected to occur in the agricultural field. Up to the present time, Southern agriculture, from which the bulk of the South's income is derived, has been sluggish in its reactions to its own necessities. Southern farmers have suffered reverses similar to

those which have driven the farmers of the corn and wheat belts to desperate political revolt. Yet in the South the agrarian movement has led to nothing more than a few mild and by no means unanimous manifestations. Farmers of the lower South were more or less united in the drive to secure a Federally-operated fertilizer plant at Muscle Shoals. The movement in favor of the McNary-Haugen bill drew support from many quarters, especially in the lower cotton belt. But with these exceptions, Southern agriculture has not sought to use its energies for political ends after the manner of agriculture in the upper Mississippi basin. Now that the spread of public education and the extension of the farm demonstration system are bringing enlightenment to an increasing number of Southern farmers, this lethargy may be expected to disappear. Southern industry has already begun to play a more aggressive rôle, and it would not be surprising to find Southern agriculture becoming equally vocal in the presentation of its political demands. The change may easily bring to the front new issues of general appeal susceptible of development into causes.

In the distant background there is also the possibility that the sentiment of Southern white people with reference to the Negro may change in such a way as to promote the development of a cause out of the movement now plainly discernible in the South to remove some of the disabilities under which the Negro labors. The time is by no means ripe for the use of political agencies in furtherance of this movement. At the present juncture, the identification of the Negro's cause with any partisan group would tend to injure rather than improve his status. But should such an identification become practicable and desirable at some future time, the ensuing discussion would exercise a powerful and stimulating influence on Southern political leadership. Agitation in behalf of a race oppressed by slavery once produced a Lincoln in the North. A sincere effort to

free the same race from other burdensome handicaps would hardly be sterile in the South. Perhaps the fact that the great bulk of America's Negro population resides south of the Potomac may prevent the Negro's cause from ever becoming an object of national political concern. Nevertheless the possibilities for public leadership of the South's awakening conscience on race relationships are not to be disregarded.

It is to be noted that the three causes in which the South has been interested in the recent past have all been negative in character. The South has been anti-Negro, anti-liquor and anti-Catholic. These negative causes serve the purpose of the politician desirous only of getting into office and staying there. Men are more disposed to vote against what they hate than in favor of what they like. It is only when politics abandons the easy rôle of negation and essays the more difficult task of affirmation that a great leadership can be developed. The South of Jefferson's day affirmed the independence of the Colonies and the rights of the individual and the State as against the central government. The antebellum South propounded an affirmative constitutional theory in defense of the slavery system. If in its industrial and agricultural expansion, or in its progress toward a better inter-racial understanding, the present-day South also finds a positive and worthwhile end toward which to direct its political energies, neither the absence of a well-organized two-party system nor inferiority in numbers will prevent it from regaining some share of its lost leadership.

LEADERS IN THE DESERT

By JAMES SOUTHALL WILSON

I

BUT *has* the South lost all leadership? The answers to that question—there have been answers a-plenty—are of three kinds. First, the patronizing voice characteristic of a certain very young but very "intelligent minority" wholly concedes the point. Concedes, did I say? Rather boasts it as the tinsel armor is pulled off the mock knights with more hubbub and clatter than one could expect. There are no leaders in the South, therefore whatever one finds in the South cannot be leadership. The reasoning is good, if—

The second sort of answer is of old breed, and it is still the most popular. Who says the South has lost its leadership? Put him out! Wasn't Woodrow Wilson from the South? Was not Newton D. Baker educated at Washington and Lee University? Oscar Underwood and John Sharp Williams were recently in the Senate. Who can point to Carter Glass but with pride? The political leaders of the South compare favorably with those of any other section of the country or with any other country of the globe. If that sounds like burlesque to you, consult recent issues of leading newspapers in some of the capital cities of the South.

The third position is typical of a growing attitude of dispassionate candor. It evades the temptation to furnish what the boys call "an alibi," by explaining why the South cannot be expected to play the part it played when its states were the most populous and in many ways the important states; with proper explanation of the results of

the Civil War and the effects of the one-party system, and that not the winning party, on leadership. With painful honesty the admission slips out that though there have been the vivid and vigorous Williams, the bravely independent Bruce, the powerful and polished Underwood, the brilliant Glass, yet there have also been Tilman, and Blease, Jeff Davis—whose name was never Jefferson—and the histrionic Senator Heflin. Considering everything, the case could be worse; the question raises itself chiefly because of a brilliant historical record. It is not a day of political genius and the general picture in the South is about a normal one. Even in the fires of the heated arguments of 1928, prohibition and the klan were never fused. Pretty cheap methods were used, as is often true of such campaigns, but none of the atrocities were committed that would have been inevitable if ignorant bigotry had waved a ruthless bloody shirt over the contest. The South has in the recent past produced some of the most ignorant and narrow and at the same time some of the noblest and ablest leaders in national life; but it has not supplied any of the Daughertys, Vares, or Falls, nor even one jewel like Mrs. Mabel Willebrandt. So the moderate as always takes a safe middle ground.

II

It is hardly reasonable, it seems to me, to expect today the South to be furnishing leaders in national politics, and the nature of state politics at the moment scarcely invites or gives opportunity to greatness. Were a Washington, a Jefferson, a Madison, Monroe, Marshall, or Mason living today he would not probably be in position to occupy a place of national importance. The reasons are sufficiently obvious. These same reasons would perhaps have caused a development in interest and activity so different from what they knew that they would look to us less like the men we have met in the history books than their faces and figures would without the proper wigs and small clothes.

The South knew two generations of compromise and reconstruction. When a man is rebuilding his house, recently pulled down over his family's heads, he doesn't go out to lead his neighbor, however much he may feel fitted to improve that neighbor's ways of living—or voting. Carlyle insisted that "heroes" are born, not made by the occasion. He had known times to call loudly for great men and no great men answered. Maybe. But then certainly there have been great men who would never have been known for anything if the times hadn't called and called in the particular voice they knew how to answer. Neither Grant nor Lee, least of all "Stonewall" Jackson, would have been important figures without a war to give their peculiar sort of genius scope. How gracefully Washington might have closed his days as a country squire, or how shrewdly Hamilton might have built up a fortune as a city lawyer, if King George and his ministers had known how to sidestep issues.

III

Is not the more interesting question where is the South showing leadership, if anywhere? We have grown so used to thinking of the South in history that we forget to consider it contemporaneously. The conditions that made the South political minded have changed and the character of its people has been modified. It appears fair to expect the South in politics and business to be just about what it is: average and local in its leadership. With plenty of vigor, sound sense, and honesty, it manages its own affairs about as well as the rest of the country, without brilliancy or novelty of idea and without notably affecting the policies of the nation. Neither in the field of education nor journalism has its part been messianic. Its colleges conceivably might have produced thinkers, intellectual leaders. But all the conditions have been against such a fruition. The presidents of the colleges have been chosen, like judges, as safe rather than original men. Their function has been con-

ceived of as the gathering of funds, the making of soothing speeches, the presiding over big boards of protestant preachers, the administering of the business side of educational plants. Scarcely the web of a net to catch thinkers? Nor would men so chosen be ambitious to find intelligent leaders for their faculties, even if salary scales made the ambition more reasonable, so much as competent instructors who are in "good standing with their colleagues." "Colleagues" usually have a highly developed taste for innocuous conformity. Ideas have a yeasty reputation; they are very unsettling to most academic communities. The wonder is that there have been men like Poteat, Alderman, Kirkland, and Chase chosen to head Southern institutions when mere administrative or oratorical ability has been in the minds of most trustees so much the test. Southern universities have maintained fine traditions of freedom of thought and able instruction. They have more than most colleges furnished the practical leadership for the local life of the people. They have not supplied in any marked degree dominant figures for a new era.

The newspaper man of half a century or more ago was a powerful factor in Southern leadership. The influence of men like John M. Daniel, Thomas Ritchie, John R. Thompson, the Pollards, and others was actually greater than their surviving reputations suggest. There are trenchant writers today. Gerald Johnson has recently called the roll of "personal journalists" in the South like Robert Lathan and Julian Harris who have dared be independent progressives. But these men have as yet no great following as the old editor had: he had a party behind him and the party held fast. The editorial had as much to do as the political speech with forming political programmes, but each of the factions stood together at last because they must; if the editor couldn't carry his following the whole way, he waited and fell into line again. The contemporary Southern progressive or even independent editorial writer needs

more courage, for he is often the lone swallow of a spring that has not yet come to his community. These men are offering leadership of the bravest sort, but as yet, I fear, they have not been very widely accepted as leaders. The real measure of the importance of this work is the future.

The Southern woods are full of free-lance journalists whose voices have sometimes pierced to great distances without covering much surface at home. Articles on the South have been as thick as snow-balls at recess-time. Gerald Johnson, J. G. deRoulhac Hamilton, John Crowe Ransom, Donald Davidson, Edwin Mims, Sara Haardt, Broadus Mitchell, Emily Clark, Virginius Dabney, Nell Battle Lewis, Louis Graves, H. L. Mencken; the list is not half exhausted of names associated with this battling brigade. They have all had a vital influence in—I was about to use the Socratic figure of the gadfly and the drowsing ox. A swarm of mosquitoes and a sensitive man in a hammock are nearer the fact. But the free-lancers have been wholesome correctives rather than great forces in leadership. And certainly the country has not turned its face to the Southern sun to find great industrial or religious leaders. High honors were done Bishop James Cannon recently for activities that certainly demonstrated a power of practical leadership of no mean order. Perhaps at the moment his name has more news value throughout the United States than that of any other Southerner. Many points might be illustrated from that, but they would vary according to who held the compass. And there is only one Bishop of Africa. The Church or the Senate will have to show more than one outstanding personage before we find our Moseses and Aarons there.

IV

I was sitting one day on a Vermont porch talking to a man from Pennsylvania. There were two things that puzzled him: Why the South had become puritanized, as was

evident, he said, even before prohibition days, and why the South no longer produced "great leaders." The answer to the first doesn't concern us here. For the second, after I had exhausted the usual apologies, the draining by the war with consequences of poverty and ignorance, the loss of its most gifted men to richer sections—oh, the excuses are plentiful—I asked him to name six outstanding figures of Virginian stock at the end of the eighteenth century.

"Washington, Jefferson, Marshall, Clay, Madison, Monroe—"

I stopped him: "All statesmen. Now as many of, say, about 1861." "Lee, Jackson, the Johnstons, Thomas, Stuart—" I stopped him again just as a humorous spark in his eyes warned me he might be about to spoil my point by adding "Lincoln."

"All military leaders. You should have thought of Maury by the way." I playfully taunted him. "Now name as many really famous Virginians of today."

He looked puzzled, as if no name suggested itself: then his features struck fire and he began eagerly: "James Branch Cabell, Ellen Glasgow, Commander Byrd, Mary Johnston—" He hesitated and before he could go on I supplied two names for him, "Willa Cather, Julien Green."

"How? How?" he sputtered.

"Surely," I said, "Miss Cather was seven or more when she left Virginia, and Julien Green, though born in Paris, is a son of a Virginian. I will make no claim for his months at the University of Virginia. They both come within the term 'Virginian stock.'"

"I see," he said, somewhat incredulously. "You are making the point that blood, that is Virginia blood, will tell: that—"

"No," I insisted, "no such point at all—except that the facts are as *you* have stated them. I don't care how you explain them."

And I still do and I don't. That is, I insist that the people

in the South who mean most to the world today are neither our practical politicians nor our practical warriors, but our imaginative thinkers. I suppose "Dick" Byrd is as much a romancer as James Branch Cabell. And I do not insist upon one explanation for the change, though I have my pet theories.

Isolation, reaction, and a fair chance, a real show to realize one's best that was not open in other fields: were not all these conditions true as much in Paris or Nebraska as in Richmond or the Warm Springs? There will be few in Virginia to grant that James Branch Cabell or Ellen Glasgow is perhaps Virginia's most distinguished citizen, but in London or Paris—: Perspective gains by distance. "I recall but two names of real literary importance produced by the South's oldest college in a history of over two and a quarter centuries, Thomas Jefferson and James Branch Cabell;—but the same roll will show such a list of statesmen as no other college of its size can muster." I wrote that nearly ten years ago and prophesied then that if the South would lead where its best opportunities are it would show some interest and offer some help to the development of an activity in literature. There has not been a great change in the attitude of the South in its awareness in literature or the recognition of its own writers since then. But how the names of new writers have been popping out into popular attention since then! DuBose Heyward, Julia Peterkin, Paul Green, Francis Newman, Emily Clark, John Crowe Ransom, Allen Tate, Stark Young, Conrad Aiken, Donald Davidson: the list is too long for a leaky memory. There are dozens more. No doubt all the names conspicuous at the moment do not go to form a Southern cross; there will be shooting stars among them. But their number and the frequency with which they appear constitute a phenomenon, no less. And more significant to our purpose, no critical taste not stuffily old-fashioned could attempt to name half a dozen or a dozen representative

American writers of our time without including, as my Pennsylvanian did, several authors of Southern blood. Whether they were born in France or live in New York or Nebraska, there is something indicated as to where the South may hope to find her future leadership. The law of supply and demand for men is the rising of ability to meet opportunity.

I think that explains what has happened to Southern leadership. We just had a rotation of crops. The market and the growing conditions in the South have been rather poor for statesmen and not much better for soldiers. But there were extreme forcing conditions and truck market demands for the writer. To escape the requirement of a very ungiving social environment, that expression had to be first indirect if it were to be free and honest; that is why irony and satire or historical romance were the forms it took first. One reason why Ellen Glasgow has been a real influence on her generation is that her Southern readers read her as they would have read sweet romances, and her subtle satire got imperceptibly to them and changed the fibre of their ideas without the recognition of the presence of the medicinal poison for what it was. These earlier writers owed their success to outside consumption and outside fame. If the South catches up with its writers—most of whom go North now—who are alert to every influence and every new idea, another generation will see the whole intellectual life of the region quickened: it is the home market that sustains best any crop. Mr. Mencken was pretty blind to the signs of spring when he mistook the snows of a season for the sands of a desert. But perhaps he prefers to consider that even a Sahara of the Bozart, at the voice of a prophet, can rejoice and blossom as the rose.

WILLOWS

By WALTER DE LA MARE

ONLY one traveller alighted from the 2:17 train that springtime afternoon at the tiny country station—so spick and span that it seemed to be positively preening itself in its fresh bright brown and white paint under the immense blue dome of the sky. And that passenger was Ronnie Forbes. With a comprehensive glance at his whereabouts he stuffed his book into his pocket, surrendered his ticket, passed through the ticket office and looked round outside for a cab. There, however, the only sign of life was an empty farm-cart and a bevy of sparrows engaged in a dust-bath.

He turned back, and with that nice air of assurance which residence in a select part of London so easily confers, enquired of the porter if he knew of a house called Willows. The porter was so old-fashioned that he touched his hat when he replied. He knew "Willows" well—Mrs. Cotton's house—and he gave Ronnie ample and reiterated directions.

It lay about two and a half miles distant. You turned to your left at the sign-post after passing the "Green Man," and then followed the lane until you came to a stone bridge over a stream, and there you were. Why, yes, a cab *could* be fetched from the village—about a mile in the other direction. But it was a pleasant walk if you liked walking. "And you can't possibly miss it, sir," he repeated yet again. It was as though here was an ardent pilgrim, and there Mecca. Whereupon Ronnie lightly waived the suggestion of a cab, and at once set out.

No rain seemed to have refreshed the white dusty road for many days past, and on a chalky soil even a plenteous

fall of dew vanishes into thin mist when once the morning sun is up. But the meadows beyond the new-leafed hedges were as gay as a picture, and the dark acres of ploughland on the other side were already sheened over with the first blades of sprouting corn. Demure and urban creature though he looked in this rural scene, Ronnie went on his way rejoicing.

Nor did his footsteps flag until he had passed the rather tumbledown "Green Man," and the incredibly old gaffer who sat with his beard and his blue-and-white mug on a bench under its motionless sign. Still, it was warm work, and as soon as a gateway showed he came to a standstill and took off his hat. He leant both arms on the gate and looked over and in. The meadow in front of him rose in a smooth wide curve of the embosoming earth against the pure blue of the sky, and there in scattered groups stood browsing sedate old mother ewes, while others were stolidly seated in the lush young grass in the tender sunshine. How human and how stupid they looked, thought Ronnie: and how engaging!

And round about them was a host of long-legged lambs, their small inquisitive faces all turned in his direction, with sudden tremors of dangling flat woolly tails, and zig-zag leapings and skippings aside in full butt of their mothers' dugs. What adorable country! And the woods over there, a faint purple with their bare twigs, though a few were now full in their virgin young leaf. And larks too—it was impossible to say how many. It was as though each one of them had its own spiral pitch in the blue, and had only to range that airy and invisible tower to keep its walls forever echoing with song.

Ronnie took a deep breath, it was almost absurd—this combination of such a day and such an errand. None the less he had made pretty certain of fine weather before setting out. For he hadn't the faintest notion what kind of house, and what kind of people were awaiting him. They

might be perfectly awful, quite too impossible. Imagine that and a shivering leaden day together! Or again, the house might have proved to be empty. Imagine *that,* and rain pelting down over its abandoned porch! However, the porter had settled the question: "Mrs. Cotton's house" —his very words. She was still there, then. But had the enquiring emphasis he had put on the name suggested something the least bit formidable? Ronnie shuddered. He did so dislike raw, unpleasant, intractable people.

What a silly expedition! It all came of this touching greed on the other side of the Atlantic for the academic; this thesis craze. But data at second hand—was that really quite proper? Ronnie was still dubious. Surely, any young zealot bent on a thesis should make his own investigation, should himself play sexton to his dead and buried subject, and with privy paw, if need be, dig it up again? It was the least one might expect of him.

Yet here was this young American friend of his—completely new, but thoroughly likeable—calmly devolving this little obligation on himself. Ronnie had agreed, of course, that James Cotton's poems were worth the trouble. That went without saying. His work resembled no other minor poet's of his decade—and even that was now silting down safely into the past. It was original but not new-fangled. It was *poetry,* that is, and had shown the clearest possible hints of an inscrutable future, a future, alas, that after the publication of that first "slender" volume, to use the reviewers' unanimous epithet, had dwindled away into a mere pamphlet, the contents which had been luminous enough in sparks, but in general so obscure as to be almost disconcerting.

As for what might have followed the pamphlet Ronnie couldn't for the life of him imagine. That way the completest Egyptian darkness lay. Not that he knew the little of James Cotton there was to know by *heart.* By no means. He felt a little conscience-stricken at thought of

it—just in case in an hour or two he might be called upon to pass an examination.

The truth was, of course, that in American seats of learning there are not nowadays enough themes-for-theses to go round. You can hardly see literature for the *littérateurs*. For that very reason it was a stroke of pure luck for his young friend to have chanced on James Cotton. Except for an article—"an appreciation"—published about nine years before in one of the heavier Reviews, James was still practically virgin ground. And what an owlish and incredible performance that had been.

Take, for example, the quiet, simple country in which Ronnie was now disporting himself. There hadn't been a single word in the article from first to last to suggest in what delicious Blake-like surroundings the young poet had spent his childhood. This little shallow stream, for example, which was now tinkling at Ronnie's side over its sunny stones beneath a screen of vast-boughed elms with their clanking chaffinches; and that hill over there, almost gaudy from crown to base with budded larch. It was all so rich, yet so gentle and so English.

And then, after the barest mention of Ashenham, to have asserted that the poet had gone and died in foreign parts. Byron and Shelley were exiles, of course, and so was Landor. Cyril Charlton in his paper had of course been eloquence itself about *that*. But Trinidad! Ronnie, all alone as he was, almost burst out laughing at the sound of the syllables in his mind. A charming asphaltic island, no doubt, but if you were pulling the long and sentimental bow why not have said Tobago—which had at least a pleasing suggestion of tapioca. But Trinidad! Those dreadful d's—like the slabs of a sarcophagus.

And his credulous young American friend in all his letters on the subject—and they had been plentiful—had been so emphatic about Trinidad. He had even, it seemed, entertained faint intentions of embarking for Port of Spain to

look up the inscription on the tombstone. How deliciously naïve. But Ronnie knew better. Wherever James Cotton had died—he wagged his cane in the air to emphasize the point—he hadn't closed his eyes for the last time on that island. And, among other little duties, Ronnie was now well on his way to prove it.

He stayed for a moment again—there was plenty of time if he was to arrive at a polite hour—and stooping his slightly tubby figure over the warm lichenous stones of the little old bridge gazed into the amber running water beneath. Minnows. He watched them disporting themselves in their watery sun-dappled shallows, and almost subsided into a day-dream. The simple fish had reminded Ronnie that he had once been young himself, and was now, say, getting middle-aged. He smiled a little fondly at darting snout and fin, for he too in his salad days had written a little verse.

But, my hat, what an age ago it seemed, and how raw a Ronnie! One can't really *live* in two worlds at once. But even a slightly dilettanteish interest in some other than the prosperous one Ronnie was now occupying was perhaps better than none. A faint splendour lightened his mission. Whatever else he might be, James Cotton in his own small way had been the real thing. And now Ronnie was himself going to enquire exactly how and when and where and why, and so on. A literary Sherlock Holmes.

At this, Ronnie abandoned the minnows and went on. And now the stream had left him, *fa lero lero loo*. It had sallied off under a low vaulted arch, danced over with reflected sunbeams, and a high stone wall flanking the lane had taken its place; an old wall too, with a worn stone coping and clumps of ivy and valerian bunching over it here and there.

A child in a pinafore with lank strands of yellow hair was approaching. When Ronnie asked for "Willows" she put her finger into her mouth, and gazing at him out of

forget-me-not blue eyes, pointed mutely to a gateway not thirty yards distant. She might have come straight out of Wordsworth. Ronnie smiled at her as childlikely as he could manage, but out of a mist of misgivings.

"Don't for Jehoshaphat's sake *write* to these Cotton people," his young American friend had implored him. "That Charlton guy seems to have been a little dubious about his reception. No wonder. He is so deadly effusive under that mincing style, and if they had any warning they might stave you off for good. As I say, it's quite likely there will be nobody to remember J. C. now, but please be a dear and make sure. It would be no end of a scoop if I could get really fresh first-hand stuff about him—all his little ways and wiles, a few private letters *par excellence,* and photographs, of course. He seems to have been a recluse even in his twenties, and who knows what queer fish may not have shared his pond. But for Heaven's sake don't write to them; just press the button and say you've come. *You'*ll know best, of course; and this is sheer hippopotamus talk."

This, of course, as Ronnie had decided at the time, was all very nice and exuberant and pleasant and characteristic. But now—as, after surveying the one faint word "Willows" on the faded green paint, he pushed the gate open, and turned in on the weedy gravel path—he couldn't help noticing that he felt a little self-conscious, even *gauche.* The very grass, the bead-bright moss on the pebbles hinted seclusion. Even the blackbird seemed to be surprised to see a visitor. That rather pathetic "Willows," and this unweeded path, and the serenity and unnoticeableness of it all —Ronnie almost then and there experienced a change of heart.

Even if one does publish a book of poems when one is scarcely out of one's teens, i. e., even if one does scatter one's pearls before an undiscerning public, that doesn't exactly justify any particular porcine representative from the coun-

try of the Gadarenes' pushing his nose in years after one has died and been buried in Trinidad—merely to pick up bits of news about one for a thesis! Good heavens, what deeds are done in thy name, O Muses!

The path wound round. The pretty shallow stream rippled into view again, and over there across a verdant meadow, not yet in the buttercup stage, stood bushed in beauty not a few crazy old pollard relics of willows, but a full-boughed bountiful grove. And a little to westward of it in the afternoon spring sun lay a smallish, low-roofed, ordinary-looking, quiet and glinting country house. Not old, but, on the other hand, not new.

Some poets have opened their eyes for the first time on the joys of Camberwell; some, on those of Chicago. Weeds may flourish, with an effort, in a gravel path. But little James Cotton had been fortunate in the place-where-he-was-born, even though there appeared to be no surplus income just now to keep it up. No actual neglect, but obviously no under-gardener. Did thick creepers make a house damp or did they keep the bricks dry? It was one of the two, but Ronnie couldn't remember which. The pyrus japonica, with its shallow-cupped, wine-red flowers, was at any rate well worth while, and even perhaps the laurestinus.

Ronnie took it all in, though his eyes remained discreetly downcast, just in case he was being observed from the windows. Better no appearance of boldness. And so, cane in hand, light overcoat over arm, he stepped at last into the embowered porch, and gave a vigorous tug at the twisted iron bell-pull. Its distant tinkling soon dwindled away, and except, as he fancied, for the sound of a firm but hasty footstep that had immediately followed it, only the shrillings of the skylarks overhead now broke the quiet.

Ronnie was no Miss Brontë. He was not one of those shy creatures that ring and run away. He was entirely unalarmed at strangers. None the less as he stood waiting

he was hoping solely for the best—that nobody was at home. Why not? He had enjoyed his walk. Here was the house. Let sleeping poets lie. He would have done his duty, and theses might go to the devil.

A moment after, at sight of a stiff, elderly and obviously unfriendly maidservant, he completely changed his mind. The least symptom of opposition not only decoyed him on but increased his natural suavity. He asked if this was "Willows," and on being assured by an abrupt nod that it was, he enquired if it were still occupied by a lady of the name of Cotton, and *that* being so, might he perhaps be favoured with a few minutes of her valuable time.

"Mrs. Cotton is not well enough to see visitors," was the stony retort. And the gray eyes that continued to regard him after the narrow lips had shut again, hinted that for the word visitor he might, if he chose, substitute such a term, say, as hawker or tax-collector. But Ronnie was easily able not to feel a little piqued. He smiled, and remarked, "I am Mr. Ronald Forbes," and at the same time drew out of his pocket-book—and presented this dragon with—a visiting card. "I wouldn't detain Mrs. Cotton for more than a few moments," he assured her. "It is merely to ask her kindness in regard to a matter in which I am deeply interested. And for this reason I hoped she would forgive me anything in the nature of an intrusion."

The maid took the card between finger and thumb. She appeared to be still hesitating whether to keep it as a trophy or to return it, when a voice out of the beyond, and apparently from the landing of the shallow staircase nearly opposite the door, decided the question.

"Show this gentleman into the drawing-room, please, Fanny. I will be with him in a few moments."

Having proffered his hat to his enemy, who far from accepting it, did not even waste a glance on its beautiful lining, Ronnie laid it with his light overcoat on a small mahogany bench that stood beneath an engraving of one of

Raphael's masterpieces. And he stood up his cane beside it. He glanced at the barometer which hung on the "flock" crimson-papered wall on the other side, and an instant afterwards found himself in a room, his first impression of which was that he had been shown into a hot-house by mistake.

It was not only a study in all shades of green, but even more verdant in effect than anything which spring had as yet managed to contrive on his way from the station. Ronnie had a lively eye for colour. It roved from the moss-green carpet to the curtains of green, French, flowered brocade, to the sage wall-paper, to the Victorian "easy" chairs, upholstered in a colour which in cooler circumstances would have suggested the cucumber.

But this verdure was not all artifice. In a recess near the shut small-paned window on his left stood a wooden erection of shelves, upon which pots of flowers in full bloom were banked in the utmost profusion. The whole room, a good deal longer than it was wide, its high French windows at the other end being also tight shut, though the afternoon sun swept steadily through them in a motionless cascade—smelt like some delicious fruit pie. Freesia perhaps.

Ronnie stood there in his rather prim clothes, right in the middle of it, as if he were an egg-cup under the crust of the low moulded ceiling, while portraits in oils of what he assumed to be deceased Cottons surveyed him from every wall. He was warm after his walk in this precocious spring weather, and though his reception had been a little chilly, his present haven was very much the reverse. And as he glanced from portrait to portrait he was at the same time conscious of an almost irresistible desire to giggle and more aware than ever that his dossier, so to speak, was rather on the nebulous side. Ronnie had read the poems, but not lately. He could appreciate verse with extreme rapidity; but now that the crisis was at hand, actual remembrance of

outstanding specimens, and even of the precise quality of the collection, had suddenly eluded him.

Maybe this was because the low firm voice he had heard on the staircase had continued to sound on in his ear. And he was still vaguely engaged in the attempt to recover his *amour propre,* of which he had an ample supply, when the door by which he had entered opened, and he found himself, smile to smile, confronting a lady of substantial proportions, whom he judged to be somewhat on the other side of sixty. Her elaborately dressed hair closely fitted her square practical head. There were still traces of auburn in its gray. And out of the wide flattish face beneath, with its small square formidable nose, green-grey eyes motionlessly examined him.

With a curt but not unfriendly nod of her head this lady referred him to a low flounced arm-chair, which splayed its short legs full in the light of the French windows, while she seated herself in a less comfortable one immediately opposite him.

Ronnie cleared his throat, but paused.

"I understand you wished to see *me,*" she said. "Am I right in supposing that I owe the pleasure of your visit to an interest in the writings of my son, Mr. James Cotton?"

Ronnie's neatly proportioned hand wandered to his necktie, and he opened his mouth to reply.

"I see," Mrs. Cotton continued pleasantly—"I see that my supposition is the right one. Please tell me then exactly what I can do for you."

If only, thought Ronnie, the good lady would look the other way for a moment, he might hope to make a much better show. On the contrary she sat stoically upright in her chair, her shoulders squared above her fortified bosom, her knees close together over her square-toed shoes, her whole frame encased in a primrose-coloured afternoon gown, her only adornments a cameo brooch, a thin gold chain about

her neck, and a cluster of sapphires on her wedding-ring finger, while she steadily continued to hold his eyes.

"It is very kind indeed of you," began Ronnie. "I was afraid that a visit like this from a complete stranger and without any warning or introduction could not but seem in the nature of an intrusion. To be quite candid, Mrs. Cotton, I feared that if I wrote to you first, asking for the privilege of such an opportunity, I might be—well, misunderstood."

"That," was the reply, "would all depend on what you actually said in your letter."

"Yes," retorted Ronnie, warmly. "But then you know what letters are. Besides, as a matter of fact I have come, not on my own behalf—though, in a sense, that very much too, for I am, of course, *deeply* interested—but on behalf of a friend of mine, a young American, now at Ohio University. He is most anxious—"

But Mrs. Cotton had suavely interrupted him. "Almost exactly nine years have gone by, Mr. Forbes, since I have heard of anyone interested enough in my son's writings to come all the way from London, as I see you have—let alone America—to tell me so. I receive letters now and then, but very few. But although, as I say, nine years have gone by, that particular occasion is still quite fresh in my mind. Your friend may not perhaps have seen an article which appeared about that time in The Modern Literature Review?"

"That was the very reason," began Ronnie, but Mrs. Cotton once more intervened, almost as if she were anxious to save him even from the most candid of white lies.

"It is a relief to me that you know the article. I wonder if you would be very much surprised, Mr. Forbes, or whether perhaps you would think me ungracious, if I say I didn't entirely approve of it. What are *your* feelings?"

The light-coloured eyes under the square brows never

swerved by a hair's breadth while Ronnie at last managed to get in his reply.

"You mean, of course," he said, "Cyril Charlton? Well, quite candidly, Mrs. Cotton, and I can say it without disloyalty, for I haven't the pleasure of knowing Mr. Charlton, I thought his paper was a little amateurish and superficial. He is a critic—of sorts—of course; and I have no doubt he—he meant well. But—how shall I say it?—it was so fumbling and uncertain. He didn't seem to . . ."

"In some respects," Mrs. Cotton interjected, rounding her eye at him as enquiringly as a robin perched on a sexton's shovel, "in some respects hardly 'uncertain,' surely?"

"Oh, you mean in the facts," said Ronnie.

"I mean in the facts," said Mrs. Cotton. "I am not suggesting that Mr. Charlton was anything but perfectly polite and, if one may so say, plausible, though I use the word in no damaging sense, of course. He knew my son's poems, I won't say by heart, but certainly by rote. He sat where you sit now and quoted them to me. Stanza after stanza, as if they had just been dug up out of the grave, as I understand Mr. Rossetti's were. As if I had never read a line of them myself. He was, he assured me, profoundly interested in literature, 'profoundly.' He was astonished, seemed quite genuinely astonished, at the thought that so few lovers of poetry—his own words—had even so much as heard of my son's books. A rather fastidious-looking young man; with a cheek like a girl's. I couldn't have conceived such fluency possible. He talked and talked. That, of course, was exceedingly nice of him and, so far as it went, reassuring, but, believe me, Mr. Forbes, he almost took my breath away. I said to myself, Here is a young man whose zeal has outrun his good sense, and *therefore,* of course, I gave him all the help I could. Such overflowing, such shy enthusiasm—what harm could there be in that?"

Ronnie tried hard to prevent his face from showing the smallest change of expression while he hastily masticated

this question. In these domestic surroundings, ordinary enough in some respects but startingly exotic in others, it was so difficult to be certain what degree of irony this rather formidable lady intended. And at whose expense? Ten years ago: yet still the very accents of that fair-haired ass of a Charlton seemed to be haunting these green recesses! Ronnie became so horribly tongue-tied at last that he felt a blush mounting up into his cheek, as he sat mutely on, seeking inspiration and finding none in the view from the French windows.

The lawn beyond had been lately mown. Its daffodils stood as motionless in their clusters as if they had been drugged by the sunshine. In a looping flash of blue a tom-tit alighted for an instant on the dangling cocoanut shell in the verandah, glanced in from its blunt little head at Ronnie, and with a flutter of wing posted off again. And still he could think of nothing to say.

Meanwhile, it seemed, Mrs. Cotton rather than expecting an answer, had been steadily engaged in taking him in. Her slightly mannish and astringent voice again broke the silence.

"We have used the word 'facts,' Mr. Forbes," she suavely invited him. "Tell me what—in that absurd account of my son's early years—amused you most."

"Quite frankly?" Ronnie, suddenly refreshed, turned quickly about and met her eyes. "Well, quite frankly, Mrs. Cotton, that he had died in Trinidad. I felt morally certain that was, well," he shrugged his shoulders, "apocryphal."

The rather frog-like ageing face had not faltered at this intimate reference, and Ronnie at once pressed on.

"Trinidad, first; and next, the charming little account of how while he was still only an infant in arms he used to dance in his nurse's lap at the window during a thunderstorm and clap his hands at the lightning. It wasn't so much the thing in itself but simply Charlton's namby-

pamby way of putting it. It simply wasn't true and had been cribbed from Coleridge, no doubt. Or was it Walter Scott? Oh, a host of things."

What resembled a merry but not very resonant peal of bells had greeted this burst of scepticism.

"I see," cried Mrs. Cotton, still laughing, "and *why* did you conclude—Trinidad?"

Ronnie had begun to breathe a little more freely again.

"Why, don't you see, things surely, even apart from words, are true—right, I mean—only in their appropriate surroundings. The thunderstorm at the nursery window (even though he didn't say lattice or casement) manifestly wasn't. It wasn't in the *picture,* or rather—to put it exactly opposite to that—it was just what a writer like Cyril Charlton would be bound to say, when once he had started on that kind of thing. I have noticed it again and again. In interviews especially. Politics, too. There is simply no bottom to the abyss of mere blague into which politics and journalism can sink—and above all at Election times. Oh, I think you can rely on me in that. Indeed,"—it was a bold move Ronnie felt in the circumstances, but he risked it—"it was partly *because* of Charlton's absurdities that I ventured to inflict myself upon you to-day. You see I have never met him; otherwise I should perhaps have to try to be a little more polite to him. I'm not sure. But Trinidad! It was to say the least of it so dreadfully inartistic. I almost burst out laughing at thought of it on my way from the station. Honestly I did! And what perfectly adorable country!"

But Mrs. Cotton ignored the enticing compliment.

"And yet, Mr. Forbes," she was saying, and much more thoughtfully than the truism seemed to warrant, "Trinidad or no Trinidad, I suppose we all have to die somewhere. Nor did I realize there was anything 'inartistic' in saying that. To me, it was merely untrue. And it was so absolutely out of the blue. Even, too, if Trinidad *had* been the —the scene of my son's death, what then?"

But for the life of him, Ronnie couldn't blurt out the question that had at once offered itself. He merely went on listening.

And for a moment Mrs. Cotton watched him doing so. "But since," she pressed on, "you have used that particular word—'inartistic,' I mean—do please enlighten me. What kind of people really enjoy Mr. Charlton's sort of writing? It was new to me at the time; but I have noticed since that though his performance was a little sillier than most, it wasn't very original in *kind*. Nowadays one has only to write a book, it seems, to make even one's kitchen cat an animal worth adorning a newspaper with. And quite young actresses, apart from soaps and cigarettes and cosmetics and that sort of thing, are invited, almost as a matter of course apparently, by editors of newspapers who must be quite intelligent men, to air their views about marriage, or the soul, or a future life, and *that* sort of thing. Quite as a matter of course. Do you think it much helps?"

Ronnie gallantly met her eye. "Whom?" he said.

"Ah, whom? I was thinking myself of what is called the 'man in the street' and the womenfolk under his roof. But then, I suppose there have always been a few talkative sillies in the world who completely underestimate the commonsense of people in general. Or is it getting old, Mr. Forbes, that makes the sillies of one's latter days seem a little sillier than usual? My own small view is that life may be tragic and sorrowful enough in the long run—and for the young actresses too, poor things: they've much to lose—but that it isn't—well, just Trinidad and thunderstorms."

"But surely," Ronnie ventured, "you don't mean to suggest Cyril Charlton meant to be as bad as all that?"

"Be fair to me, Mr. Forbes. Haven't I already confessed that I thought him an almost fastidious-looking young man. 'Meant to be,' indeed! I doubt if he was conscious of so much as brushing the down off a butterfly's wing. Yet, would you believe it, my brother, Major Winslow, at that time in India, was inclined, though not for my

son's sake only, to take more drastic steps. It was only with the greatest difficulty that I persuaded him not to consult his lawyer."

Yet again a curiously muffled and not quite unjangled peal of little bells sounded between the walls. Mrs. Cotton had laughed. And at sound of it a remote fiery defiant gleam had flamed up and vanished in Ronnie's brown eye. "If I may venture to say so," he said stoutly, "I think that course would have been as ill-advised as it would have been ineffective."

Mrs. Cotton graciously beamed at him. "I am delighted to hear you say it," she assured him. "Those were, I believe, almost the precise words I used in my reply to Major Winslow. Idle nonsense of that sort, however shallow, and however false, is *not* libellous. And of course—whether or not after consultation, I cannot say—he came round in the end to our way of looking at it. Poor Mr. Charlton: I can see him in the witness box! But I referred to Major Winslow only as an indication of what I suppose would be called the Philistine view of Mr. Charlton's form of entertainment. What is more, I am entrusting these little confidences to your ear alone, simply because if we neither of us have any particular friendliness for this young man, we bear him no active ill-will either. He can be left, as they say, to stew in his own juice." Mrs. Cotton nearly doubled her substantial shape in two as she leaned forward in her chair to insist on this vulgarism.

"You see," she was still urging him on, "I realize that *you* are interested in my son's work and that you would be far more severe to some of Mr. Charlton's shortcomings—the artistic ones for instance, even than I should be myself: his own mother, I mean. But tell me, has this young American friend of whom you speak any intention of publishing his thesis? If so, I hope I may be allowed to see it. Or is it to be a private venture simply with a view to correcting these ridiculous mis-statements? To putting Mr. Charlton right?"

For a moment or two Ronnie pondered both these questions. They seemed to be equally crucial and dangerous. Alas, however, he could hardly hear himself think, so loud were his inward execrations of the young friend in question. *Merely* with the intention of putting that silly precious sentimental ass of a Cyril right!—he could see the young post-graduate's exultant grin at such an opportunity, even to the glinting gold of his exquisite "dentures." He gave a sharp impatient tug at his hardly less exquisite West End trousering, and briskly crossed his legs.

"Publication *was* his intention," he replied, "and not merely to do as you suggest." But he wished the accents in which he had uttered the confession had not sounded as if he had plums in his mouth.

"In other words, Mr. Forbes, I am to understand, then, that your visit to me to-day is not solely with a view to the success of this young man's university studies. You too, have come to see me, not of course on your own behalf, but in kindness to your friend, in order to glean what you can of my son's personal and private affairs?"

The challenge was unmistakable. It rang out like a trumpet, and Ronnie could neither smile now nor reply. He moistened his lips. Though of late years more and more easily bored, he was still interested in human nature. The poet's mother had proved to be of a type he seldom encountered even on the outskirts of his ordinary orbit. He dearly enjoyed, too, a battle of wits. But this was hardly 'wits,' and he was as yet uncertain exactly where he himself was likely to remain—on which side of the fence, that is. All he could blurt out at last sounded much less pacifying than he intended to make it.

"You will forgive me," he said, "if I don't entirely agree with you. I mean on the principle of the thing. Surely, Mrs. Cotton, the publication of a book implies that the author of it is to that degree sharing himself with the world at large. Poetry, in particular. He puts into print what he wouldn't confide in secret even to his closest friend. It is

a confessional wide as the heavens. Within certain limits, then, isn't the world at large justified in being interested not merely in him as a writer but as a human being? I agree that this can go too far, that it usually does, in fact. Mere prying curiosity is odious. But how can one separate entirely a man from his work, and especially if *one,* as it were, justifies the other? Besides," he took the fence that offered itself in one sprightly bound, "one doesn't have to be a Paul Pry to be grateful, say, for William Shakespeare's second-best bed."

Mrs. Cotton smoothed down her unmodishly long skirts over her lap. She, too, paused with stooping head, as if listening, or as if her thoughts had wandered. Then once again she openly faced him.

"In a moment or two I shall be ready and perfectly willing, Mr. Forbes," she assured him, "to answer any question you like to ask me. I won't say that I agree either in principle or in detail with what you have said. And, though I can't say how dreadfully ignorant it may sound, I know nothing whatever about William Shakespeare's second-best bed. Weren't beds very expensive in those days? I seem to have read that somewhere. But all that apart, I should like to consider you, if I may, not only as a confidant, but as a friend. That being so, first I propose to make a little private confession. Please listen to me as patiently as you can."

All Ronnie's native gallantry had mounted into his head at this appeal. He composed himself to listen.

"You must realize in the first place that I know very little *about* books and nothing whatever about poetry. I am not even a great reader; and if I were, that would be quite another question. Poetry is not in me, it is not in *my* family. As a child I destested it, the very word. I was therefore made to learn as much of it as a stupid governess could make me. I see myself at this moment, with tear-stained cheeks and nose flattened to my nursery window, looking out on a world of rain and wind, and some

thumbed, dogs-eared, horrid little book of poetry clutched in my grubby paw, containing not only poems, mind, definitely intended to do me good, but such famous pieces as 'Piping down the valleys wild,' and 'The Assyrian came down.' That kind of thing. Well, I hated them *all* with an almost physical hatred. Which merely means, I suppose, that even as a child I was of a practical and matter-of-fact turn of mind. But that, I believe, is true of most young children. As we are, so shall we be; at least in deficiency of mind: it is a dreadful consideration, Mr. Forbes. Whether interest in poetry and in works of the imagination would ever have been mine in happier circumstances I cannot say. I can only confess that it never has. My husband was precisely the opposite, and my son, spared, in his childhood at least, the thorns and thistles which the little donkey that I used to be discovered in what I was fed on, took after him.

"I have heard of mothers, Mr. Forbes, who have been jealous of the love and intimacy between a child and its father. That's beyond my understanding. But when my husband died, I was for many years my son's only real company. You can be delicate in spirit as well as in body —a delicacy, I mean, that is none the less the very reverse of weakness. So, you see, as time went on, he was practically compelled to confide in *me*. Apart from the craving to express one's self—though that too is not in me—there is the craving to share what comes of it, afterwards. I can understand that. And though I could listen with all my heart and soul; to *share* I could only pretend. My son soon realized this; though I hid it from him as much as I could.

"Yet I tried—believe me, Mr. Forbes, I honestly tried—to educate myself into his way of thinking. You'd be vastly amused to hear how much poetry I have read solely with that end in view, and always with complete unsuccess."

A sudden unbosoming smile swept over her face, like a burst of sunshine over a wheat-field at harvest. "If I go

on like this," she broke off, "you will be assuming that I think it is *my* confessions you are after!"

Ronnie returned this burst of sunshine as amply as he could, incredulously speculating the while how it came about that with so easy and bountiful a field to glean Cyril Charlton had carried off so mingy a sheaf. Why, even a raw reporter . . . but Mrs. Cotton was hastening on.

"Egotist or not," she was saying, "I toiled on at my task, and at least became more and more of an adept in realizing the force and the strain of my son's secret idolatry. There was only one thing in the world for him—poetry. At first I believe he hadn't the faintest desire or intention to share this craving with any other human being except his mother. That came after. But though I had fallen far short of any true appreciation, I had become aware of two things: first, that there *is* such a thing as poetry, and next that I had a pretty shrewd notion of what poetry *isn't*.

"Poetry, Mr. Forbes, as I take it," she waved her hand towards the window, "is all there, just waiting for us, but it won't show itself at call or at need. One must have the mind, the sense, the spirit within—to invoke it. *That* I realize. It is a way of looking at things, a way of feeling about them, a way of *living*. And it is, I suppose—you will let me go groping on—as inseparable, if you *have* that particular sense, from the world at large and everything in it as its scent is from a flower. And no more inseparable either, for just as you can extract its scent from a flower and shut it up in a bottle, so you can extract the poetry from the life around and within you and put it into words and them into a book. I am being dreadfully clumsy, dreadfully commonplace. But I believe all that as surely as a blind man believes that there is such a thing as light.

"Yet it is hidden from me, shut out from me. Try as I may, I cannot grasp or share it. On the one side my son, almost coldly conscious, I might say, of I don't know what kind of volcanic feelings, pursuing this strange mirage,

eating his heart out, never satisfied, ready to sacrifice anything, everything, for its sake; and me, just stuttering and pretending, but so far as heart and soul goes, absolutely as dumb and insensitive as a fish.

"In spite of this, he was always generosity itself to me, though I can see that if the worst came to the worst even a mother might be sacrificed on that altar. But at last, as you know, his poems were published. You will be amused to hear that I myself arranged everything, the printing, the paper, the binding—*his* final choice, of course. I saw the publisher, a Mr. Crown, in London, again and again, and arranged it all—expenses, advertising, commission, everything. He too, in spite of his dingy little office, seemed to be a most enthusiastic admirer of poetry, though, as I have since discovered—and here Mr. Charlton could give me surprisingly little information—he treated me on severely business principles. And quite between ourselves, Mr. Forbes, I soon began to suspect his enthusiasm also.

"The critics, on the other hand, were exceedingly kind. I don't mean that they were more than just—how could I? They were exceedingly kind. Some thirty copies of my son's first book, I understand, were sent to the newspapers, and about eight were sold. But I have never had any particulars. For the time being my son found a good deal of happiness in his venture. And then I think the merely practical side of it began to bother him a little. He fancied that we, that I, had been dreadfully cheated. I had gone off to Mr. Crown, I should have mentioned, without my son's knowledge. But it wasn't so much the money involved, it was—well, what I suppose Shakespeare meant by the words, 'waste of spirit.' My son was grieved and ashamed of what such things come to. He had been kept, for his own sake perhaps, too long out of the world to conceive its sense of proportion. Nevertheless, as you know, he went on writing. But with more and more difficulty. A dreadful despair seemed to have come over him. He shunned everyone.

But we know so little of what is passing in any other mind. And then—at last—well, there is no need to go into that."

She had paused again, and the pair of them, so far as their eyes were concerned, seemed to be like two birds hovering over some morsel that neither of them had much appetite for—though it was part of God's plenty—and which it was hardly in the nature of things to share. Nevertheless Ronnie was conscious rather of a void than of any very definite delicacy, and he could only blink.

But the pause had come at an opportune moment. So hot and airless was the low-ceiled room in which they sat, so heavy the odour of its floral display, that but a few instants before though his gaze had remained fixed on Mrs. Cotton's face, his glazing orbs from sheer sleepiness had actually rocked in his head. Now he was wide awake again, and he had need to be, for Mrs. Cotton was hastening on.

"To that second venture, as you may know, Mr. Forbes, the critics were less kind. They too couldn't quite understand what my son was after, though better than I could. Could *you?*"

At this her visitor's round and somewhat fresh-coloured face perceptibly paled. Yet again the trumpet had sounded. For a breath he hesitated, and then bolted the lump that had come into his throat. "I don't know them well enough to say," he said.

Mrs. Cotton turned away. "Well, I am grateful to you for *that,*" was her unexpected retort. But her voice had trailed off a little as if from some inward rather than physical fatigue.

"That being so, you will the more readily understand, then," she continued, "that when after the publication of my son's second book—which was, as a matter of fact, fated to be his last—it became clear to me that even those who knew such things were unable to follow him, to understand him and appreciate him; when I saw that *so far* he had absolutely failed, it was a very bitter grief to me. Not for my

own sake, though what mother is not *practically* ambitious for her children?—but for his. I had realized, you see—and it is here that I hope you will be most patient with me and will forgive me if I repeat myself—I had realized that to some minds and to some spirits poetry is what religion is to others, the most precious, the most certain, the most wanted thing life has to give. And now that he had fallen silent I could at least realize too if only in part the affliction of that loss. Not that, because he was silent, the beauty and meaning—the divination—of life was gone *too*. Not that; surely not that! That would be such a lie as no Cyril Charlton even is capable of. It was still there—within him; between himself and his Maker. There is a passage I came across somewhere in a book—I don't know its origin—but being eager and interested as I was then, it stamped itself on my memory: 'He that has never seen this beauty must hunger for it as for all his welfare, he that has known must love and reverence it as the very beauty; he will be flooded with awe and gladness.' Well, surely, even if it be averred that these early years were nothing but a fool's paradise — and *that* I refuse to believe; and even though you may regret the folly, still you cannot deny that to my son they *were* a paradise. No more would I deny the hope of its continuance, though the gates should be shut forever that gave others a glimpse of it." She paused, her small square hands clenched in her lap.

"I have finished, Mr. Forbes. As you see, I live here a quiet and retired life. I believe that no good thing in this world—since it is a world founded on divine reason—can be eventually wasted. I believe therefore that whatever there is of this infinite grace in my son's little books will find in time its own haven, even though it be completely forgotten here on earth. Meanwhile I keep my lesson. Cyril Charlton and much else that I won't burden you with taught me once and for all that there is a danger worse than death to this 'very Beauty,' and that it comes, not from the

enemies, but from these so-called *'lovers* of poetry'—these parasites—their jealousies, their quarrels, their pretenses, their petty curiosity, their suffocating silliness. I will have none of it. I am determined—determined that this precious 'world-at-large'—your own words—shall leave my son and all he loved, and the dreams from which there is now no waking, at *peace*. His memory, himself, safe here with me; to the end."

She had risen from her chair as she finished speaking. With hands clutched on her bodice, her small pupils glinting like semi-precious stones, she stood over poor Ronnie, and dared him to do his worst. There were tears in the eyes now challenging him, tears, he realized, not of weakness but of strength, and squeezed out of a spirit, stable as adamant, which would not swerve by an inch if the need came to stride off exulting to the stake.

And as, not apparently in any desire for air, and certainly not for retreat, but merely to conceal her feelings—and maybe from herself—Mrs. Cotton turned her back on her visitor and marched over to the French windows, Ronnie stirred awkwardly in his chair. The attitude in which he had been listening to this declamation had become rather strained. He stirred—as if he were "coming to." And "What the devil," he was thinking ruefully, if a little vacantly, "what the devil had he or his young American friend to do with any *'stake.'*"

The windows had been flung open to their fullest gape. The tepid April air of the garden thinned in on the boxed-up atmosphere. It pierced with its sweet earthy freshness the pent-in odours of the forced flowers. Ronnie breathed and breathed again. The drowsy cadences of a blackbird from some shrubbery out of view fell on his ear like water drops into the basin of a fountain. And then suddenly from quite near at hand resounded the sudden shrill battlecry—incredibly defiant, even formidable, for a creature so minute—of a wren.

Mrs. Cotton had paused, her hand on the window frame, only, it seemed, to regain her self-possession. She turned at last and with a gesture waved as it were all these last few confidences between them aside.

"So you see, Mr. Forbes," she said, "now that I have said what I have said, and it has not been an easy task, I must resign the rest to you. You will forget any resentment I may have shown. But as I look back on Mr. Charlton I find it difficult to be fair to him. I really believed at the time that he at least meant well, that he had my son's reputation at heart only and solely because he *cared* for poetry, whereas I myself. . . . What else can I do then but commit myself entirely into your hands? You have come this long distance. You are bound to consider your friend's interests. I feel then I must leave you absolutely at liberty to use your own judgment as to what shall be proclaimed on the housetops and what not. You have not supposed, at least, that I want what my son has done to be forgotten. Though its innermost secrets may be hidden from me, I can at least be aware that to other minds they *may* be very precious." Her arms fell loosely to her sides. Even in youth her short, rather dumpy figure could never have been of any particular feminine grace; yet Ronnie was fated to remember that gesture. It had reminded him, absurdly enough, not of Velasquez's "Surrender" but of a ballet dancer of Degas.

"And now," she was almost timidly inviting him, "I hope you will stay and take tea with us—my daughter-in-law will join us presently."

Ronnie dutifully murmured a word or two about trains, but she tossed them aside. "You must let it be part of our compact," she said, eyeing him almost archly but with an ironic intentness. "Meanwhile I must leave you for a moment."

She paused at the door at which Ronnie had entered. "The picture immediately behind you," she said, "is a por-

trait of James when he was a little boy of seven. It was painted by an artist—an R. A.—who is now, I believe, out of fashion. But he was not so then. The old gentleman with the pug-dog in his lap next to it (a really good picture, I have been told), is my son's great grandfather—on my husband's side. And in that album on the what-not you will find photographs and some pieces of manuscript. Please look at anything that may interest you."

A moment afterwards the door had been firmly shut behind her, the sound of her footsteps had died away, and Ronnie was alone. He sat for a few moments perfectly still, his brown eyes fixed almost gloatingly on the garden. Then a sudden shuddering yawn overtook him. He knew how sleepy, but had not noticed how physically exhausted, he was. Heavens, what a trap he had walked into! . . . How amusing!

His glance strayed at last to the three-tiered galaxy of flowers on their white-painted shelves in the alcove—early geraniums, wax-like hyacinths, modest-flowering musk and, above all, the peach-like exotic freesia. Then he got up from his chair, yawned again as he turned about, took a pace or so backwards, and fixed his eyes on the portrait of the poet as a boy of seven.

The heavy gilt frame had woefully tarnished. But the brick red of the tartan kilt and plaid, and the mustard yellow of the flaxen corkscrew curls that dangled from under a glengarry about the apple-cheeked china-blue-eyed face had kept all their "pristine bloom." If the artist had ever really had his eye on his subject he had assuredly detected no symptom of genius there. The stolid little boy that stood in the canvas *looked* about as intelligent as a bullfinch or a Dutch cheese. None the less—as though symbols will out—he stood armed, as if for mental fight; the point of his cross-hilted wooden toy sword pointing straight out of the picture and full in the direction of Ronnie's stomach.

Ronnie was nothing if not critical—but less so of pictures

than of elegant literature. He could easily manage to swallow "Cherry Ripe" and even "Bubbles," but there was something in the technique of this particular painter that raised his gorge. Indeed the portrait was damnably unfair—on the part of the painter. For after all, if there *was* a remarkable feature in the verse that little James had lived to make obscure, it was its technical mastery. "Mental fight," then, there must have been. "You can't," Ronnie adjured the child in the picture a little wearily, "you can't build any sort of Jerusalem anywhere without it, and certainly not in that rather less green and, in places, positively unpleasant land that England had rapidly been becoming since you, my poor innocent, were seven."

Of James's particular Jerusalem none the less he had only the vaguest intimations. He would look it up again perhaps when he got back to London. He might even attempt to worm his way into its secret citadel. But now, anyhow, there was no need to worry about it. He was tired. Poetry of that kind is all very well while you are young and active, and the trailing clouds haven't completely shredded off. "But heavens," Ronnie inwardly ejaculated again, as he continued to gaze at the infant Samuel in tartan, "give *me* his mamma every time." Typically English too, almost British, in her own queer way, and overwhelmingly worth writing even to America about. How his young friend would lap her up! The subtlety of it all.

The female spider was of course notorious for its voracity. They even devoured their many husbands. Mrs. Cotton had put down, it seemed, every single card in her hand face upwards on the bright green table; and Ronnie had lost—every single trick! She had hopelessly queered his pitch. And yet, as he had sat there, transfixed by those small glittering eyes, a warm (and rather un-Ronnie-ish) camaraderie had sprung up in his mind. Affection at first sight!

His glance drifted down from the portrait to a photograph that stood in an old leather frame on the Pembroke

table immediately beneath it. He stooped and looked closer. Yes, it was obviously a presentment of James's mother taken at about the same date that the portrait had been painted. Square and plump and prosaic in figure even then; in a neat tight-fitting bodice and flow-away skirts, and clearly dressed for the occasion, she stood there, one well-shaped hand on a Victorian "occasional" chair, looking as straight out at the camera as her son at his R.A. And the camera had been kinder than the painter. The frank open face was smiling; there was an almost audacious sparkle of coquetry in the eyes; and Ronnie's masculine heart amply responded to the occasion.

Indeed, he was still intent on the photograph—the album and the excellent portrait of the smiling old gentleman with the pug-dog on his lap having been completely ignored—when at the same moment he heard voices from far within, and the clink of tea-cups near at hand. When the parlour-maid entered the room with her salver he was seated on his chair again, a green-bound Moxon Tennyson in his hand, open at "Mariana," but upside down.

In the conversation during the meal that followed—and Ronnie forgot the scone on his plate until it was stone cold—Mrs. Cotton took very little part. The two ladies sat opposite to him, while, with his back to the door, on a stiff barley-sugar-legged prie-dieu chair, he himself faced the little warrior in the portrait. In spite, however, of the hypnotic power of that infantile blue eye, Mrs. James Cotton easily held her own. She was almost embarrassingly tall and dark and flat. She was in black, and beneath her long chin showed a necklet of jet. Still, black against green is not an unpleasing contrast, and though (as Ronnie was thinking) her countenance was more sombre and equine in its contours even than the aged William Wordsworth's, she was soon prattling away to him as if the only marvel were that circumstances had kept them apart so long.

She was enraptured and earnest and astonished and coy,

all in the same breath. She assured him again and again how she adored the country and how beautiful nature was in the spring. One of her very favourite seasons of the year —everything so fresh, so green, so renewed. And yet just the same, year in, year out; so that if you closed your eyes and listened to the birds, or opened them and looked at the flowers, they might be exactly the same ones as before!

As if, Mr. Forbes, there had been *no* winter in between. But, of course, that *couldn't* be, that was only a fancy. Besides it was just the reverse. Absolutely! What a perfectly dreadful winter they had had, to be sure; so cold, so gloomy, so protracted. "I can't like winter, Mr. Forbes, I can't indeed." Besides he must remember, she cried almost with elation, "We haven't any theatres here, or concert halls, or picture galleries. That is where London is so different to the country, and especially in winter, and even in the spring too." And London seemed to have been gayer than ever these last few months. So many society *functions*. She had read of them in the newspapers. Newspapers were a great resource, of course, though not the same as taking part in the functions themselves. Oh, no! At least not quite the same. And how the world changed.

Ronnie said, "Certainly" when the chance offered, and "But I do indeed really," though it wasn't in the least necessary.

"You see," she was repeating yet again, as she peeped for the fourth time into the cream jug in case she had forgotten whether it was empty or not, "one is so removed from things hidden away here in the country, though the country, of course, as I say, is the country after all, that I sometimes positively pine to see a policeman!"

She lowered her long head, gazed out of her dark mournful eyes at him, and giggled.

And the sun was wheeling lower and lower into the west, and a thrush had followed the blackbird on to the concert platform, and the flowers in the pots were continuing to

unfurl—Ronnie had seen on the movies with precisely how pertinacious and delicate a motion. But though a machine may accelerate the appearances of life, man's consciousness is as obedient as her flowers to the pace set by Nature. A fact which Mrs. Cotton senior was herself demonstrating as she munched steadily on, her eyes never now meeting his own, her only share in this sprightly conversation an occasional nod, or "Thank you, Emma," or a prompt hand outheld (and again and again, for Ronnie's thirst was extreme) for his empty cup, or an impatient flick of her fingers at the crumbs in her lap.

"I was so del*a*ted to hear," said Emma at last, "that you are an admirer of my husband's poems."

"Indeed and indeed I am," cried Ronnie, in a voice that even on his own ears sounded as hollow as a tub.

"And yet, do you know, Mr. Forbes, I am sure it must be *ages* since I have seen any mention of him in the newspapers. But then you don't even see Lord Tennyson's name mentioned very much now. Isn't that so?"

She glanced a little uneasily at her mother-in-law, but only for a moment; her dark uncertain gaze had immediately settled on their visitor once more.

"He hasn't been dead long enough," said Mrs. Cotton abruptly.

"No," Ronnie broke in with spirit, in the forlorn hope of wooing her into the talk, "that's just the very point. I was only saying . . ."

But at this moment, though he had been conscious of no interruption, the door behind him seemed to have opened, for the two ladies had simultaneously raised and fixed their eyes on something or somebody behind him and out of his view. It must have been the parlour-maid, for though for the moment a curious transfixedness had suddenly spread over Mrs. Cotton's features, and her daughter-in-law looked positively alarmed, as soon as the door had been as softly shut again, Emma, after yet another glance at Mrs. Cotton, had instantly begun talking away again at Ronnie with

an almost galvanic zest, and apparently with less intention than ever of waiting for his replies.

"I do so *hope,*" she said, when Ronnie rose at last to make his adieux, "I do so hope that if you *should* compose anything in print about my husband, you will let me see it, Mr. Forbes. Just 'Willows,' Ashenham, would always find me; and I should be so very interested to hear what is being thought now about books, and things like that. For being, as I say, in the country as we are, we . . ."

Her voice trailed away. The unusually long pale lids of her aggrieved eyes had flickeringly descended, and Mrs. Cotton had at once hastened into the breach. She too had risen, and had given a decisive tug at the flowered china bell-handle beside the fireplace.

"Good-bye, Mr. Forbes," she said, as abandoning Emma, black as a rock on the bright green of the velvet sofa, she firmly grasped his hand. "Good-bye. It has been an absorbing afternoon. And yet I'm afraid"—they had reached the door; parting was imminent, and she sighed out her regret in so low a voice it seemed it must have been intended for Ronnie's ear alone, and his inward ear, too—"I'm afraid I have been very remiss. If only I had been a little more accustomed to being interviewed! No pencil, no note-book! And now it is too late. Nevertheless," she smiled at him, "not only am I convinced you have a far better memory for such things than Mr. Charlton, but there is nothing which I feel I could not have securely—securely confided to your keeping. Or in the future either, if the need should ever come."

The memorable voice had broken a little at these last few words, and Ronnie gazed back with all his soul into the small grey-green eyes that seemed to have darkened now that her face was no longer in the light of the window.

"Thank you very much indeed for that, Mrs. Cotton," he cried gallantly; "you may rely on me. I will be eloquence itself!"

The stiff maidservant was already awaiting him. He

seized his hat, his cane, his light overcoat, and turned; for, as he expected, Mrs. Cotton's steady regard was still fixed on him from the drawing-room door. They exchanged what seemed to Ronnie a last swift full glance of understanding, a friendly, intent, almost intimate one. The next moment the door had been firmly closed behind him, and he was out in the open once more.

Huge billowy clouds, like enormous bolsters, had ranged themselves on the horizon beneath the infantile blue of the sky. Though the sunbright dandelions that had greeted him were now shut for the night, the bladed grass, the green-leafed willows by the water's brim stood as if enchanted in an ocean of light and colour, and the air resounded with a mellay of song so wild and vehement that the birds that uttered it seemed to have been seized with an anguish of fear lest the dark to come should deprive them of every hope of ever singing again.

And Ronnie too was conscious of Spring-time in his blood. He stepped out buoyantly and in uncommonly high spirits. What a hotch-potch of an afternoon, and yet on the whole how novel, how odd, and how very amusing!

In less than no time he had come to the turn in the weedy drive that would take him clean out of sight even of the upper windows of the house he had left behind him. But there his self-congratulations were suddenly interrupted. A low, clear, but mysterious hail had sounded in his rear. He wheeled about. These were not Mrs. Cotton's now familiar tones.

No, there could be no mistaking whence the summons had come. The short, straw-hatted, neatly clad figure of a tubby little man had emerged from under the trees to his left, and was now—so extreme was his haste—almost trotting over the grass to intercept him. And Ronnie waited. Psychologists may maintain that it is humanly impossible to think of more than one thing at a time. But he knew better. Two perfectly distinct reactions had at this moment flashed

through his mind. One, the vivid recollection of Tenniel's Tweedledum and Tweedledee; the other the lightning conviction that he knew—that he seemed to have known for centuries, who precisely this little man *was*.

Ought he to fly? Surely, in spite of those last few words in the house, no such encounter as this had been included in the compact he had but just now signed and sealed with the poet's mother? But it was too late. Breathless, triumphant, the little man had caught him up. Bright blue eyes of an extraordinary intensity were surveying him from beneath arched brows under the brim of the antiquated black straw hat.

"I am speaking," the little man enquired with a charming courtesy, "to . . .?"

"My name is Forbes," said Ronnie.

"Ah, yes, Forbes. I was not aware of that, Mr. Forbes. Forgive me. I am kept a little in the dark. And better so, perhaps," he smiled; "for even in a place so remote as this and with very few visitors, you never know, do you . . .?" He faltered. "At least, so I am told. But that said, or not said, as the case may be, I couldn't let this opportunity go by without—without, as a matter of fact, asking you to accept this. At times I find them crumpled up in the grass. But what can be expected of errand boys? It is, and I hope"—he cast a furtive glance over his shoulder as he thrust a folded piece of paper that had apparently been torn from a child's exercise book into Ronnie's hand—"I hope you will let it be a little private matter between us—it's in the nature of an epigram: my last."

The candid blue eyes in the countenance on which it seemed that age had decided to leave not one disfiguring mark became a little troubled as they searched Ronnie's smiling and aware face.

"You will agree, Mr. Forbes," he pressed on earnestly, raising like a bishop his small white hand a little into the air, "that there are things, evidences, messages, which can

be shared, though even the very meaning of the words may have become corrupted—decayed—*all rotted away?*"

It isn't always that any inmate is looking out of a human eye. But at this particular moment an exceedingly alert inmate, as keenly and austerely challenging as the gaze of an angel, was confronting Ronnie from the tranquil yet troubled deeps of this little man's stare. His fingers fluttered an instant, as if inclined to snatch back what he had given.

"I must not distrust . . . I must leave it at that, Mr. Forbes," he said hurriedly, raised his straw hat and was gone.

Ronnie remained a moment where he was, the paper in his hand. He too glanced over his shoulder. The house was still just in sight, nestling with its willows low in the gold of the western sun. But there was too much of a glare in the sky to be sure if any of its occupants were looking out after him from the upper windows.

He went on until he had come again to the narrow stone bridge over the stream. There he unfolded the paper and scanned the four lines of tiny and almost illegible script it contained. He picked his way through them again and again; but there could be no doubt whatever at last of their intrinsic obscurity. Worse, Ronnie had grave misgivings even of the soundness of their metrical technique. Not so the writer of them, apparently, for at the foot of the four lines which had been placed with extreme care in the very middle of the sheet of paper, there sprawled a long-looped, an almost Napoleonic *J. C.*

Baa, baa, sang out the sheep on the other side of the green-springing hedge. But Ronnie paid no heed. He had instantly realized what a treasure for transatlantic academicism, or English either for that matter, he held in his hand. It was a fragment of holograph—of an unpublished poem—very late—in mint condition—signed with this rare and unique minor poet's own initials!

He refolded the scrap of exercise paper and placed it

carefully in his pocketbook. Nor did he spend any more idle moments on the minnows in the brook beneath the bridge, but continued rapidly on his way to the railway station. Having there enquired for a later train back to London, the next being due in a few minutes, he set off for Ashenham itself.

The old woman in the little smelly village post office to whom he handed in his message to his young American friend seemed to be completely dubious as to the proper charges fixed by the Postmaster General for a cablegram to Wellspring, Ohio. Ronnie, horn-rimmed spectacles on his fastidious but rather stubby nose, helped her all he could with the infinitesimal print. To such effect indeed that he all but charged himself twice the official rate per word. But lavish telegraphing was one of his many little weaknesses.

"Have visited Willows," ran his ultimatum. "Immensely sorry. Nothing doing. All gone. Am emphatically convinced only course to keep exclusively to text. Strongly advise complete abandonment of the ineffable Cyril. Heaven be with you. Writing. Ronnie Forbes."

He then withdrew J. C.'s scrap of paper from his pocketbook and slipped it without accompaniment into a stamped envelope, a little fly-blown, which the old lady supplied from a wooden drawer on the other side of the counter. On this he scribbled Mrs. Cotton's address, and having stuck it down, himself dropped it—with a sigh, just nicely enough tinged with regret—into the little red box outside.

DISCUSSIONS OF NEW BOOKS

FOLLY AND THE IRONIST

By Kenneth B. Murdock

MISS GLASGOW'S "Comedy of Morals" is circumscribed ostensibly by Queenborough, Virginia, where three women have "stooped to folly." Aunt Agatha atones by withering alone, "a ruin," until the War summons her to make pyjamas and to recapture a hint of life in a passion for banana sundaes and the movies. Amy Dalrymple finds in her later years no life except what she can capture in weary gropings for a new love affair. Milly Burden, a product of the present century, makes the shibboleth, "the right to be happy," her ideal, modifying it when happiness is denied by substituting pleasure for happiness and finally deserting it altogether to seek "something worth loving." Unlike the others she refuses to see herself as "fallen" and never admits that the biological fact in any way conditions her individual future. In theory all that matters is that her life is hers still; in practice she finds no balm more sovereign than Aunt Agatha's love for sweets, except in her final flight to what she fancies will be "freedom" in New York.

"When lovely woman stoops to folly" the traditional questions are "What charm can soothe her melancholy? What art can wash her guilt away?" Miss Glasgow does not answer, if, indeed she even asks. Given the situation a

They Stooped to Folly: A Comedy of Morals. By Ellen Glasgow. Garden City, New York: Doubleday, Doran and Company. $2.50.

moralist or propagandist might load the dice. A little tampering might exalt the Victorian standard which makes Aunt Agatha what she is or might disguise Milly's half-fledged search for a philosophy as allegiance to a gospel. But Miss Glasgow, as comic ironist, is proof against temptations to lapse into a sociological study, content to light up the facets of the situation in the cool rays of her wit. Thus treated the stuff she works in, worn as it is by much use, offers bountiful resources for comedy. There is the contrast between Aunt Agatha's point of view and Milly's. There is the clash between the conduct of the two ladies who stooped and felt that stooping was a fall, and the conduct of one who refused to admit that she had even stooped. There is the sharp interplay of light and shade in the attitude of the Southern gentleman (who gets his full share of satire) and that of his wife, or sister, or daughter, facing the same set of facts. There are other characters to represent differing outlooks on the tangle, and each is made a peg to which is tied one of the interlaced threads of comedy.

Above all there is Virginius Littlepage, Southern gentleman, lawyer, idealist, bewildered by changing moral standards, by his own abortive yearnings toward lawless love, and most of all by his own mind, more advanced than his tongue, more drastic in its conclusions than his code should, he feels, permit. He, Milly, his wife, Victoria, and Mary Victoria, their daughter, who marries Milly's erstwhile lover in order to save him from himself, are the chief characters of the novel. There is, too, Louisa Goddard, loved vainly for years by the rebellious artist, Marmaduke, Virginius's brother, and all the time secretly loving Virginius herself, masking her secret under a most efficient exterior and a precise knowledge of the social history of ancient civilizations.

Most of the book is simply the record of Mr. Littlepage's response to the situation. He wavers in his opinions. He has both respect and affection for Milly. He loves his

daughter but distrusts her motives in capturing another woman's lover, even though those motives are externally displayed in the colors of nobility. He advances toward Mrs. Dalrymple only to flee nervously on the eve of lawless delights, quite contentedly taking refuge at his own fireside. He is a figure of fullness and color. At times, to be sure, he seems to contain in himself too much. It is natural that there should be two or three men at war within him, but now and then he seems to achieve a detachment which brands him as for the moment merely the mouth-piece of Miss Glasgow. With him, we are told, "sophistication had never filtered through the interwoven wires of prejudice," but sometimes fundamental sophistication speaks in his voice without the slightest vibration of those wires. Then he sparkles but loses the hue of life.

The other characters seem less successful. They are usually sketched by a trait, a turn of mind, an experience, but do not desert the flat world of types. Each is set up less as a character in the full sense than as a beacon to mark a critical angle in the situation. Mrs. Dalrymple, though her physical charm is sharply presented, seldom comes out of the pages enough to stand alone. Mrs. Littlepage and Louisa are certainly thoroughly painted, but perhaps because theirs is the burden of being the protagonists of Queensborough's virtue, they seem often to be abstractions, embodiments of patterns of life, and slip all too easily into the lifelessness which Victoria's husband in his most discerning moments half recognized in her. They are too mildly tempered by baser motives to be credible; they rarely betray concretely the secret of their influence on Virginius and the others.

Mary Victoria, again, is but a sketch, though quite vivid enough to explain the reactions upon her husband. And, finally, Milly, upon a realization of whom the story depends for poignancy, is too faintly outlined. She has physical attractiveness, apparently; she is courageous and pathetic in

her confidence in her rights in a world where, so far as this novel is concerned, neither she nor anyone else seems to be able to keep them; she is admirably incisive in her rejection of some stupidities and half-truths, but she remains remote. She loved Martin, but how? Why? It is difficult to catch her thinking. She is hard to believe in because she seems to put on ideas ready-made. Yet, if she was what we are told she was, she must have thought, and back of her courage there must have been some drama worth seeing.

If the book had no character but Mr. Littlepage, however, and if he were less well drawn than he is, it would still shine simply because of Miss Glasgow's mind and her artistry in words. The style, in its restraint and quick responsiveness to every phase of the theme, once more proves her quality. The epigrams tread upon each other's heels, and even though most of them are on subjects long ago worn bare by epigrammatists, they flash as brightly as though their themes were as new as the day. The wit, malicious, ironic, mocking, is of the sort that only the most fortunate artists can maintain. In it, not in any distinction of plot or characterization, lies the merit of the novel. "Poor Aunt Agatha had been a carefully guarded ruin, and Victoria was aware that Southern gentlemen of the great tradition visited such ruins only by moonlight." "To reduce behaviour to a formula, however wanton, appeared miraculously to invest it with the dignity of an intellectual habitation and a name." Perhaps the feast is even too bountiful, and sometimes the wit falls too regularly into one or two forms. Curle Littlepage is "as safe as a Liberty Bond and almost as uninteresting." "Intemperate virtue is almost as disastrous in marriage as temperate vice." "His respect for her was as unenterprising as his respect for the Ten Commandments. . . . Her firm brown skin . . . looked not so much youthful in texture as impervious to age. . . . Her features wore an expression of faint surprise, as if the mysteries of Babylon had left her in a state of perpetual

astonishment." The mould is too uniform, but no one would break it if to do so might spill its contents.

Superficially Queensborough and its people, no doubt, might appear as a finished product of a skilful cabinet-maker, like a fine old inlaid table top. Miss Glasgow has found the joint beneath the veneer, and has gently sliced it off. Into every weak spot in the inlay she has slipped her knife, until all that is left at last is a pile of neatly excised bits. Out of them curiously comes beauty. They reflect prismatically, as a flat surface could not. The clear flame of her wit kindles them to an incandescence which glows far into the world of men and women and glitters on the ironic complications of their dealings with life.

ENTER THE AUTHOR

By Frederick P. Mayer

THERE was a good tradition in medieval times, which gave to stories their clear outlines, their simple emotional language, and their freedom from what we called later "sensibility." That tradition was the anonymous author, who, up to about the time of Marie de France, never let his shadow fall across the pages of his narrative.

With the known author came the obtrusive author, of whose kind we have plenty to-day, having forgot, in our zeal for "publicity," "returns," and "advertising," that it is spiritually right to be humble. The author, as we approach the "modern technique" in novel writing, takes the stage,

Dodsworth. By Sinclair Lewis. New York: Harcourt, Brace and Company. $2.50. *Victim and Victor.* By John R. Oliver. New York: The Macmillan Company. $2.50. *Hunky.* By Thames Williamson. New York: Coward McCann. $2.50. *The Unlit Lamp.* By Radclyffe Hall. New York: Jonathan Cape and Harrison Smith. $3.00. *The Wave.* By Evelyn Scott. New York: Jonathan Cape and Harrison Smith. $2.50. *Wolf Solent.* By John Cowper Powys. 2 vols. New York: Simon and Schuster. $5.00.

crowds his characters into the wings—or fashions a dramatic character who is merely another self — and makes of story telling an egotistic opportunity for a public exhibition. Such subjectifying of fiction comes under various names; the present term is "stream of consciousness" in which the real stream is that of the author's mind, and in which the inactive world of reflection and an introvert's self-explorations are substitutes for a comprehensive understanding of one's fellows. Fiction is steadily being impaled upon the pikes of analytic psychology; one of these days our decadent self-interpretation is going to be the last illness of the modern novel, just as hypochondria is a symptom of physical disintegration. We may talk "new treatment" as we will; our fiction is steadily going to pieces, and for vitality we have substituted fever.

The hopes of the novel in the future will lie probably with those authors who are not talked about in the most extravagantly advanced reviews, authors who are to-day writing new stories in much the same way that Richardson did, and Hardy, and Jane Austen—authors like Francis Brett Young, Sheila Kaye-Smith, C. E. Montague, Willa Cather, and others, whose respect for the people around them has not yet given way to a re-interpretation of the universe into the pattern of their own highly valued mental kinks, but whose health and sanity allow them an interest in observed character, normal and full of philosophy, as are most men's lives, if you watch them. It is a commonplace that the subjective novel is just now a representation of what Wells called "The Secret Places of the Heart," where men keep hidden those sulphurous monsters of lust and erotic ambition which grow dangerous if one pays attention to them.

Sinclair Lewis, fortunate in his wrathy spirit which focuses his hot intelligence upon the more stupid or silly of his fellow Americans, has, because of his social warfare (a guerrilla warfare, be it said, with one thin nervous bandit sniping from behind convenient bridge tables, medical labo-

ratories, and outhouses), kept himself in the background, his characters to the front, and has always written stories which are alive, objectively comprehensible, and usually to the point. He has created characters: there is Babbitt, childish and rich, with his safety razor slot in the bath room; Carol, good looking and loaded with ivy-grown college ideals, about to rebuild the eternally secure Zenith; Martin Arrowsmith, fierce in his dealings with microbes and boards of health, and his loyal weary wife, slangy, red headed, plucky eternally without cause; and there is always the Great American Public, with its tortoise glasses, radios, filling stations, democratic colleges, popular mis-education, its tawdry infidelities, its mob cruelty, its "air-mindedness," its commercialized religion, its Bruce Bartons and Eddie Guests. Last of all, there is Sam Dodsworth, born decent, eager to know about things, willing to see places (not the "right" places of his pitiful little snob wife, but any interesting places). He is full of slangy humanity—to hide his reverence for experience and his delight in music, books, and all lovely things he finds it possible to like. And there he is, down-trodden by a small-spirited woman who ruins his honest desire to educate himself, until he finally takes the morally necessary step of leaving her, flatly and forever. Lewis has too often been tolerated as a mere social critic whose medium is narrative. That is mean criticism. It does not make any difference what impels a man to write a novel; what counts is the fact that he can create character and tell a story which keeps alive. Such a man is an artist, no matter what started his literary faculty.

I do not see how anyone who knows American men — business men who occasionally show signs of sensitivity— can question the solid achievement in "Dodsworth." The test is on the truth of what Mr. Lewis has to say, on what he reports about American life, and on the people he understands. His mind is not fixed on himself . . . he drops out of the picture. Where the book fails—as it does

for many pages—is just where Lewis remembers his own prejudices and social theories and writes in moral sermons and long-winded conversations which play with the favorite topics of Sinclair Lewis. The book suffers from polemic, and it is dull because it is too long, but all in all, it has a fine vitality of its own.

"Victim and Victor," by J. R. Oliver, himself a confessed member of the dangerous profession of psychiatrists—dangerous in a literary fashion, as I have shown above—writes no rabidly conceived series of scientific cases of mental aberration, as any presumptuous critic might guess. He, too, like Sinclair Lewis, takes his own experience, his own sort of knowledge of the American scene, and makes of it a spiritually moving character study of the unfrocked priest, Michael Mann. Again, the impression of the book is not soon forgotten; the reality of the priest and his powerful mystic force, his sympathy for underdogs and unhappy people have an idealism, a meaning behind them that is a new note in modern fiction—new because it is old—because the man of God has been the butt of obscene jokes in most recent stories, because our journalistic matter-of-fact aridity has for long swept from our minds any chances to contemplate the unscientific realities of the world. Here, in a novel which is effective because the reminiscent mood of the narrator is so mellow and because the English is so pure, we have what the Victorians used to hope for, a union of science and faith, of psychiatry and spirituality that is justifiable even by the most scientific of tests. Of the new books, "Victim and Victor" is solid and satisfying beyond most, and its emotional integrity and literary quality are not to be debated, even though your Georgian cynicism may urge you to deny your faith.

"Hunky" belongs to a *genre* which has almost parodied itself; the world is so full of a number of things, of which at present some are peasant novels about strong stupid ox-like heroes and sluttish cow-like heroines who live in mean holes

in our big cities or small towns; their emotional capacities are ample but primitive; the women are promiscuous, they have babies most casually; the large meek heroes humbly marry the girls and pledge eternal care to their wives' babies; the streets are mean, the shops are stuffy; strikes and brutality abound; and the intellectual capacities of the characters never rise above the grade of a first-rate kindergarten. To make fiction of such stuff is to put demands upon your every skill as a novelist, for an intelligent reader has a right to ask of his stories that they have intellectual complexity, meaning, overtones and undertones far above and below the characters' comprehension. A world in which no mature minds exist is a hard one to believe in—Hardy does the job by superimposing a philosophy upon his Wessex people. "Hunky" is a good piece of work, for its author keeps himself out. The story moves smoothly and surely, with characters outlined and developed consistently, and its pity over its people is not sentimentalized or exaggerated. Its difficulty is that its style has already aged before it appeared; and it tends to date itself by its animal-like pictures of the American peasantry.

Although the Radclyffe Hall of "The Well of Loneliness" is more widely known than the Miss Hall of "Adam's Breed," yet any means by which the world at large may become acquainted with her work deserves our gratitude, for she is a novelist who always—no matter what the theme — has much to say and creates men and women who live lives of their own, independent of the author's study table. Her books, too, are free of that reportorial dry rot which afflicts new fiction—her realism is strongly romantic. Gian Luca, and all his waiter friends of Compton Street, how they come back to one, even after one's weary trudging through thousands of uninspired pages since "Adam's Breed" appeared! That was a novel! And it is to Miss Hall's eternal artistic credit that, even in dealing with so sensational material as that of Lesbianism, she can keep her good taste, and can

write with restrained emotion and no maudlin pity, and—certainly—no vulgarly realistic odds and ends. Her "The Unlit Lamp," published now in America as a sort of treader-of-the-heels of "The Well of Loneliness," has Miss Hall's same fine traits of clean prose and sharp pictures, of understanding her characters so that they have individuality in every movement and episode, and of finding a theme or center for her story which has its own value, judged as important human experience. Here we have the old tale of the selfish mother keeping Joan, the daughter, bound to her and to her futile existence by bonds of filial duty and self-evoked helplessness. Here, too, is the struggle of the mother with that young tutor, Elizabeth, for the affection of Joan, the unlit lamp—Joan, the bright student, the eager minded youngster whose growth would save her soul from its virginal decay into barren-minded spinsterhood. There is the suggestion of a sort of sub-plot of Lesbianism, faintly hinted at, but no attention is given to it, compared to the attention paid to the mother and daughter struggle. The background for the story is very lovely; the little town, the sea, the ship house, the small shops, the village eccentrics, and the sly humor of Miss Hall in characterizing the stupid, overbearing father are pleasant in themselves. Cape and Smith do us a service by this American printing of a suave tale.

Perhaps our debt to the Civil War will lie, eventually, in the amount of unfailing historical and literary-historical material which it contributes to our prose fiction—ever since the days of "The Red Badge of Courage"—and even to our poetry, in things like "John Brown's Body." Certainly, Evelyn Scott needs to be grateful that her impetus towards objective story telling came from the War and that she recovered from the self-exposition of such early palpitations as "Escapade." Upon the Civil War background she has built a remarkable piece of prose fiction, or rather, remarkable pieces of fiction, all of which—there seem to be hun-

dreds of short pictures, as you read—join to show how the great wave of war rose and fell, carrying with it all kinds of people and types, raising them on a swell of ecstasy and dropping them down again where they were before. Here is a giant, cumulative impression of war as it affects men and women: cowards, haters, religious fanatics, prostitutes, the ambitious, the greedy, the youthfully romantic, the senile old women for whom war is a pageant, the covetous, the grafters, the thieves, the heroes and martyrs, the President, the generals, the sailors, the soldiers, and all the rest. . . . Guess at a type, and you will find the individual in "The Wave."

The view is objective. The author keeps out, presenting, interpreting, arranging, but never entering herself as a center for attention. The dullness of the book, despite its excellence, comes from two things: first, the objectivity is one toned; the style, despite the kinds of people, never varies, and whatever thinking the characters do is done, primarily, in one style, in one sentence rhythm; and, second, the pictures are too many for the great length of the book: it needs to be pruned; five pictures, at times, instead of twenty would heighten the effect and offer satisfactory compression for the sake of unity. Miss Scott's method is possible where the pace is rapid and the intensity cumulative, by reason of the way the author selects her scenes. In "The Wave," Miss Scott makes a grand attempt at an intellectually gigantic task, and she gets a splendid result. Its weakness lies in its length: the book gives, somehow, the impression of being endless. But that is the difficulty of material with no sequential plot; there seems to be an artistic economy which demands plot in narrative, if what is told is to have movement, and charm, and unfailing interest.

In "Wolf Solent," that strange two volume erotic picture of John Cowper Powys' world of the ancient sex mystery, the strength and weakness of the story lie in the entrance of the author into the central characterization, that author with

his tendency towards philosophical catch-words, towards ecstasy and excited clairvoyance, towards pictures of the natural world as something alive with personality, with an almost human beauty and sensitivity, and with a strong slant towards mystical speculation, most of it formless, aimless, and futile. Without the author, there would certainly be no book, and we must be grateful for this strange, perverse novelist whose morbidly sensitive intelligence and whose nervous intensity and searching mind form the basis for "Wolf Solent."

Here is an English "Winesburg, Ohio." Here is the land, in "Wolf Solent," of the sexually repressed, the frustrated dreamers of the English countryside. Here dwell the sane old farmers and the country-women, red, grey, and stupid; and here, too, dwell the uneasy lost souls of such a district, the eager, young, the viciously depraved, the repressed dreamers, the malignantly indecent. Into this world comes Wolf Solent, to edit a volume of Dorset obscenities, in the form of a history written for a lewd-minded squire with a dark past. Solent fights a bitter battle between Good and Evil, arguing for the flesh against the spirit, submerging himself in abstractions and unreality and reflection — his "mythology," his chief defense against unpleasant experience. Here the natural world around him and the people he meets are potent arguments towards animality, towards an almost phallic interpretation of every experience. His mind runs on wildly; he tastes every idea that flits through his brain. The book is full of tag-ends of philosophy, "dualism, monadism." It overwhelms you with its scope, its erotic suggestion, its murky emotional glow, and the weight of undigested formless sentimental talk. The state of the reader can be connoted by the following mental picture, left after a serious reading:

"Jesus . . . Jesus . . . Jesus . . . they found him in a ditch eating frog spawn. . . . This disease of life . . . how much space between old Smith's

face and the coffin lid . . . his father's skull . . . two skulls on a pillow . . . her young body with the supple thighs . . . the smells from the pig stye . . . pluralism . . . dualism . . . his ecstasy of desire . . . stark mad . . . naked maternity . . . Mukalog . . . clipping and cuddling my Gerda . . . the face of the man on the Waterloo steps . . . sinking into one's own soul . . . an ecstasy of well being . . . quiescent . . . valiant bodies of beasts and birds and fishes . . . each liquid flute-note went sailing away upon the wind as if it had been a separate pearl-clear bubble of some immortal dew . . . fish eyes in the cold grey deep . . . nympholepts."

Such prose material, despite its beautiful English, has about it something essentially sophomoric and immature. Its ecstatic ranting needs cooling, compression, selection, generous cutting to give it intelligence and philosophic importance. The scope of the book cannot be too highly commended; what it attempts is truly Faust-like. But it needs the wisdom and broad view, the reflective calm and maturity of another Goethe to save it from the inevitable doom of emotional insecurity.

LOVE IN FRANCE

By Sidney L. McGee

PAUL SOUDAY, caustic French critic, charges his compatriot, André Maurois, with opportunism. He lays his popularity with English readers to his choice of subjects. To a certain extent he is right, because with "Ariel" and "Disraeli," Maurois has reached an English speaking audience he never would have attained with, say, a "Musset" or a "Danton." But his latest novel, *"Climats,"*

Climats. By André Maurois. Paris: Grasset. 12 francs. Translated under title, *Atmosphere of Love.* New York: D. Appleton and Company. $2.50.

now translated under the title, "Atmosphere of Love," should meet with a like success, although for vastly different reasons.

"Climats" should be a success because it is a very, very French novel. This, for the benefit of the unenlightened, does not mean immoral. It is a French novel of love; a francophobe or a malicious wit might call it a novel of French love. It is French in that the author has been able to write calmly, dispassionately and freely of subjects taboo in polite Anglo-Saxon company: of love, infidelity, jealousy, and the like. With English and American writers—with Aldous Huxley, for example—the discussion of such subjects is forced and artificial, the result of a studied sophistication. With Maurois and the French it remains natural and easy, the result of an inherent sophistication. There is no *enfant terrible* in Maurois; there is in Huxley.

The treatment of the theme of *"Climats"* is at the opposite pole to that Anglo-Saxonism which Maurois characterizes so well when he writes about *"un refus de voir et d'accepter la vie telle qu'elle est; un idéalisme de magazine anglo-saxon."* Perhaps it is this very difference which will insure the success of *"Climats"* in translation. If so, Paul Souday may be right after all. Maurois, knowing his English and American readers, wrote a French novel for them.

"Climats" is written in the form of two confessions, the first by Philippe Marcenat for the purpose of telling his fiancée, Isabelle de Cheverney, of his marital difficulties with his first wife, and the second, by Isabelle, to tell of her married life with Philippe and to complete his life's story. Philippe is a bourgeois of good stock, and a true "family man." A certain vagueness in the character of Odile Malet attracts him, and at the time of their marriage he worships her as a goddess, a mythical and perfect creature. He needs only her company to make him happy, but she is not

a bird to be kept in a cage. She loves society, and Philippe's bourgeois ideas about home life are incomprehensible to her. Her very vagueness comes to be a thorn in his side, because she is never able satisfactorily to account for her actions. She can't remember whether she went to a concert last Sunday or whether she stayed at home in bed. Philippe, by nature jealous, is all the more miserable because of having nothing tangible to which to attach his jealousy. He succeeds only in making himself unhappy, and finally Odile. Small wonder then, that she falls in love with another man, divorces Philippe, and remarries. But happiness is not for her, and she shortly takes her own life. Philippe, who still loves her, is overwhelmed, but the war breaks out and provides the diversion necessary to the restoration of his mental balance.

In the second part of the novel the rôles are reversed. Isabelle de Cheverney, whom Philippe marries after the war, demands the same attentions from him that he had demanded from Odile, and with the same results. Philippe tires of her jealousy and seeks consolation elsewhere. His new mistress, however, is capricious, and soon deserts him. Philippe falls seriously ill, but Isabelle nurses him back to health and regains her rightful place in his affections. A new life of love and happiness is promised, based on a new understanding between them, or rather on a new understanding on the part of Isabelle. She knows that Philippe will have other mistresses in the future, but also that he loves her and will always come back to her. "What I have learned of importance in the last year," she says, "is that, if one truly loves, one must not attach too much importance to the actions of those whom one loves. We need them, and they alone make us live in a certain 'atmosphere' (our friend Hélène calls it a 'climate,' and justly) out of which we cannot exist. Then, provided we can keep them near us, and hold them, what does the rest matter?"

The problem is difficult. Has Isabelle really learned not

to be jealous, or has Philippe been cured of his unfaithfulness, or both? We never know, because after a few months of idyllic happiness, Philippe contracts pneumonia and dies.

SHAKESPEARE FROM SEVERAL ANGLES

By Edward Wagenknecht

SINCE Matthew Arnold at least, a peculiar affinity has been recognized between Keats and Shakespeare. As Professor Spurgeon remarks, "They were alike in certain qualities of mind and of art, a fact of which Keats himself was fully aware, and in some of these qualities they are unique among English poets." Four years ago, in his "Keats and Shakespeare," Mr. John Middleton Murry studied the influence of the one upon the other with an imaginative insight all too seldom enlisted in the service of English literary scholarship.[1] Now, Professor Spurgeon's "Keats's Shakespeare" might be described as a kind of footnote to the Murry book, or perhaps it would be fairer to say that it exemplifies the kind of material on which such interpretations as Mr. Murry's, or even Professor Lowes's still more wonderful study of the creative imagination in "The Road to Xanadu," must depend. Professor Spurgeon, of course, made a remarkably lucky find when, in the library of Mr. George Armour, she discovered the seven volume set of Shakespeare owned by Keats and read and marked diligently by him during the last three years of his life. Her

Keats's Shakespeare. By Caroline F. E. Spurgeon. London: Oxford University Press. $10.00. *Shakespeare Improved.* By Hazelton Spencer. Cambridge: Harvard University Press. $5.00. *Shakspere's Silences.* By Alwin Thaler. Cambridge: Harvard University Press. $3.50. *Shakespeare's Workshop.* By W. J. Lawrence. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. $3.00.

1. See The Virginia Quarterly Review, July, 1926, for my review of Middleton Murry's book, as also of Albert H. Tolman, "Falstaff and Other Shakespearean Topics," to which reference is made hereinafter.

book preserves the record of these markings—and "markings" is the word to use, since there are only a few "notes" in the entire set. The volume is divided into three parts: first, an essay of fifty-four pages in which the author interprets the significance of her find and makes such generalizations concerning the markings as occur to her at this time; second, ten pages of parallel passages designed to show the influence of "The Tempest" upon "Endymion" (Professor Thaler, be it noted, also relies on parallel passages to convince us that Shakespeare influenced Milton and Sir Thomas Browne);—and, third, the bulk of the book: "an accurate reprint of all the marks, annotations, and underlinings in the text of four plays in Keats's . . . Shakespeare . . . : 'The Tempest,' 'A Midsummer Night's Dream,' 'Measure for Measure,' and 'Antony and Cleopatra'; also those of 'Troilus and Cressida' in his folio edition at Hampstead." There are numerous, excellently-printed plates, and the frontispiece is an exceedingly interesting reproduction of a hitherto unpublished, and practically unknown, water-color drawing of Keats by Joseph Severn.

This is a book for specialists, a collection of raw materials, as I have already called it. Some interesting points do emerge: the principal one—the influence of "The Tempest" on "Endymion"—has been referred to. Very amusing are Keats's scribbled comments on the critical dicta of Dr. Johnson: it would be impossible that the poet's view and the pundit's could be placed in sharper juxtaposition. This, however, is not especially important. How much light future scholars will find in "Keats's Shakespeare," to what extent, if at all, it will come to illuminate what we already know of the influence of Shakespeare on Keats is, of course, a question which only the future can answer. Meanwhile, Professor Spurgeon herself has done quite as much as might reasonably have been expected of her—perhaps more. Lovers of Keats may well thank her and Mr. Armour for

the opportunity they now have to read Shakespeare with Keats's eyes. What they see in this way is likely to depend pretty definitely on the amount of imagination they themselves happen to be in possession of.

I am convinced that Keats was one of the few men who have really known how to read Shakespeare. Generally, like Milton, he focussed his attention on the poet and neglected the dramatist, and of course he was ignorant of everything that we now know as "equipment" in Shakespearean scholarship. Still he ate his way somehow into the life of Shakespeare, in a way that I fear few of our scholars, with all their erudition, can hope to rival. Certainly such detail work as is represented in Professor Hazelton Spencer's ironically-entitled "Shakespeare Improved" does not bring us very close to Shakespeare. The theme is the fate of the dramatist in England between 1660 and 1710, and the larger portion of the volume is given over to a minute examination of the various adaptations of Shakespearean plays made and presented during that time. Professor Spencer's method is, generally, after a brief introduction, to offer a detailed summary of the adapted play, after which he summarizes changes and draws conclusions. This procedure is frequently tedious, but it should be added that Professor Spencer is a most companionable writer, even though here and there his comments seem superfluous and sometimes a little "smart." In the course of his investigations, he is able to correct more than one previous investigator in his field, and he is quite likely to do so with a certain self-consciousness. His mind, however, is alert and active, and on more than one occasion he draws a pungent illustration from contemporary life.

"Shakespeare Improved" is then an immensely useful reference book for all those interested in the Restoration theatre. To criticize is to criticize the orthodox literary scholarship of our day in general. And it is no secret that that scholarship is, on the whole, somewhat lacking in

imagination and rather inclined to worship facts as facts. It is not often, in the Shakespearean field, that we get such a book as Professor Stoll's wonderful "Shakespeare Studies," or, to take a very different example, the late Professor Tolman's "Falstaff and Other Shakespearean Topics." These are books which any man who is interested in letters and life can relish: scholarly though they are, one does not need to be a specialist to find the meat in them. What is it that finally emerges from "Shakespeare Improved"? That the Restoration did not understand Shakespeare, and that those who tried to rewrite his plays were, most of them, dreadful asses. Did we not know this before? I wonder is it worth quite so much labor to discover it again?

The other two books are made up of reprints and, as such, necessarily lack objective unity. Professor Thaler's "Shakspere's Silences" takes its title from the first long essay, in which he maintains that Shakespeare consciously used silence as an element in both characterization and dramatic development. Closely connected with this is "The Unhappy Happy Ending," an ingenious defence of certain much criticized features in connection with the winding-up of several of the comedies and the romances. While I cannot feel that Professor Thaler has made any particularly valuable contribution to our knowledge of Shakespeare in these two papers, he has profitably recalled our attention to problems which are worth considering always, and no lover of Shakespeare can fail to follow him with interest. The second half of the book, somewhat loosely entitled "Shakspere and Milton," presents interesting, if not at every point quite convincing, evidence of the influence of Shakespeare on Milton and Sir Thomas Browne, and closes with a study of the theatrical adaptations of Milton's poems which hardly belongs at all in the present volume.

Mr. Lawrence's "Shakespeare's Workshop" is made up of two halves which do not fit well together. Five of the papers: "Shakespeare's Lost Characters," "The Ghost in

Hamlet," "Shakespeare on Masks," "Windows in Shakespeare," and the title-essay, while scholarly in the best sense, are still addressed to the general cultivated reader, and are wholly delightful. In addition to his own pungent observations, Mr. Lawrence here sums up the conclusions of recent scholarship on various moot questions, and his annotations add considerably to the value of his book. The other half of the volume, however, is devoted to purely technical matters, and here, although he ventures many wise guesses, Mr. Lawrence seems to one reader at least, on the whole, somewhat less convincing, as well as less entertaining. His theory that the Second Quarto text of "Hamlet" represents the original version of the play, and that the First Quarto is a shortened version made for a provincial company, for example, is supported by much ingenious reasoning, and he may be right. But there is a good deal to be said on the other side.

UP FROM SAVAGERY

By Allen W. Porterfield

ON EVERY material and many a spiritual count, this is the most powerful country in the world. One irrefutable proof of our greatness is the acute realization on the part of the more thoughtful section of our citizenry that all is not as it should be. Take the ten leading magazines of, say, August, 1929, read the hundred general articles they contain, and ponder the fact that ninety per cent. of them are adversely critical of what is going on in the United States. This will save us. Rome felt that she was safe until well on into the fourth century. She fell. Watch

The History of the Devil. The Horned God of the West. By R. Lowe Thompson. New York: Harcourt, Brace and Company. $3.00. *The Story of Superstition.* By Philip F. Waterman. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. $3.50. *Witchcraft in Old and New England.* By George Lyman Kittredge. Cambridge: Harvard University Press. $6.00.

a woman or a bald-headed man in a public building fussing and fidgeting around about a supposed draft. That person never catches a cold then and there. The athlete, on the contrary, who sits down in a draft with no thought of harm begins to sneeze immediately and cough later.

Another and sounder proof of our greatness lies in the nature of the facts recorded in the three books before us. Each deals with things dumb and devilish—and each is dedicated by the author to his wife. What progress we have made since the incidents that fill the pages of these three studied volumes took place! We have literally come up from savagery. We may still have slander; but we do not boil the slanderer. We may still hesitate about raising an umbrella in the house, but if someone does and a pet scheme of ours later goes wrong, we do not rush to the courts and have the fellow hanged for his intimacy with the powers of hell. We may still do a number of things, from lynching to libelling, that are vicious and malicious, but we know too much to fancy that our deeds are to be traced back to the whinnying of a colt at the crossroads, or to the squinting of a jack-rabbit out from under a blackberry bush.

And as to general decency, plain civic virtue, we have our little children romp in innocence around a maypole with no thought in the world that their charming and fascinating game symbolizes an act so brutish that, while it may be set forth in a scholarly book, a reviewer passes it over in the silence born of shame. We are powerful, for we are making progress. The whole world is, for the same reason. When compared with the black perversities that were commonplaces, and religious ones at that, only a few hundred years ago, we, the people of 1929 wherever we may be, stand out as paragons of respectability, as models of decency, intelligence, and the hope that is the brightest of all—the hope that is concurrent with honest progress.

It is an amazing series of happenings and beliefs that these three writers have set forth. The nine chapters of

Mr. Thompson's book cover the field of deviltry from the crass antics of the Stone Age man nine thousand years ago to the relatively innocuous doings of the easily-imposed-upon of yesterday, to-day, and, in high probability of to-morrow too; for complete sense is a consummation which, however devoutly it may be wished for, is unattainable. One feature of Mr. Thompson's study is its humor. He is a scholar with brains enough to see that jauntiness need not be a vice. He gives Valerius Maximus as authority for the statement that a Celt would lend money on a promissory note redeemable in the next world, and adds, "as indeed men do in a vaguer sense to-day." Commenting on the ceremonial use of red in darker days, he says that the color "is still preferred by children, nursemaids, and simple-minded colonels." Commenting on La Volta, the Tarentelle, and other witch dances he goes over, with a smirk, to the "Charleston," the "Black Bottom" and other species of pedal imbecilities. He shows quite neatly the fallacy of trying to enable oneself to see under water by eating fishes' eyes, or of restoring lost hair through the application of the grease of a shaggy bear.

His study is informative, irk though it may at times because of the cocksureness with which he writes. After stating, on the authority of another, that baboons huddle up together and become quite dejected, though everything is going well with them, when it grows dark, that wild Kaffirs show the same sort of "Hesperian depression," he calls to witness, in the same connection, the effect as well as the popularity of the hymn "Abide with me; fast falls the eventide." He derives "Sabbath" from *s'esbattre,* meaning "to frolic," intimates that Joan of Arc was a "female proxy, gentle, perhaps (like Florence Nightingale!), but none the less a fanatic in her faith, as many witches were," and invariably writes "mislike" when what he really means is "dislike."

On page 329, Professor Kittredge, falling back on Dr. Johnson, states that "men usually need not so much to be

informed as to be reminded." The *mot* applies heavily to Mr. Waterman's admirable treatise, "The Story of Superstition." One reads its 307 pages with a temptation at times to exclaim: O where have I read all this so many times before? But it is an excellent subject: superstition. The wood's full of it! It is still on the rampage in the United States, but there is sound reason to feel that it is slowly but surely losing ground. Mr. Waterman writes kindly, fully, and with an abundant sense of support. He knows what he is talking about. And if there be a superstition, harmful, stupid, or merely funny, that is not listed in his volume, then the world must be even more superstitious than it seems. He uses this illustration by way of showing the thinness of supernatural beliefs. The corner stone of a great building is being laid. The ceremony is on. The leader of the ritualistic procedure forgets his speech, or drops his trowel, or does something else that is queer as a result of stage fright. What effect will this have on the building? None. But suppose the workman puts in a faulty beam, or does not know how to join supports, or lay brick—what then? The building will collapse. In other words, it is the realities that count. Mr. Waterman claims that our fraternal orders are all based on superstition; but nothing collapses because of the small rôle that they after all play in real life.

His study is replete with information. He tells us, among a legion of other things, that kings are nothing but holdovers from superstition; that tombstones are older than the alphabet, and that they were originally intended to symbolize the entrance or the threshold to the abode of the dead as opposed to the world of the living; that the Jews worshipped the cross, for good though complicated reasons, long before the beginning of the present era; that the fairy tale of Bluebeard probably arose out of the unhappy career of Giles de Rais, who was executed in 1440; that "thug," "assassin," and "bogy" are all words derived from what were originally devoutly religious rites; and, like Thomp-

son and Kittredge, he gives many and many a date on which some dumb or even harmful superstition vanished either because the world had so advanced in general enlightenment that the people themselves voluntarily discontinued its practice or because the government as such had become sufficiently intelligent to write into its statutes laws forbidding the perpetuation of these things, harmful, depressing, or merely silly. Mr. Waterman leaves his grateful reader under the impression that superstition is dying out. Each of his twenty-seven chapters has a motto prefixed. That of the first is from John Morley: "Where it is a duty to worship the sun, it is pretty sure to be a crime to examine the laws of heat."

There are eighteen chapters in Professor Kittredge's book, "Witchcraft in Old and New England," only one of which deals with half of his title, "New England." Since he himself uses such linguistic antiques as "for the nonce" and "I crave your pardon," the reviewer may be permitted a feeble pun. Kittredge's is a notable book: for of its 641 pages, 268 pages are taken up with notes. On pages 3-4 there is a long quotation with its note; a correct note of course. On page 361, this same quotation is repeated in full and supplied with another note; a correct note of course. One humble Mountaineer feels that this is a technical *faux pas* from Cambridge-on-Charles.

American interest naturally centres in the Salem holocaust. George Lyman Kittredge claims, since only twenty-eight dire deaths actually took place in 1692, that seventeenth century Massachusetts was one of the most decent spots on the earth, for think how many witches were burned in England! He avers robustly that witchcraft is a common heritage of humanity. That is sweeping, even brushing. One reads the book and sees Harvard's leading light saying: Gentlemen, I admit that some twenty-odd people were burned, in 1692, not far from the Harvard Yard but, human nature being what it is, the gift of Prometheus might

just as well have been exploited in Smackover, Arkansas, or Medicine Hat, Alberta, and probably would have been used somewhere else had not Salem had at the time the requisite supply of folks.

Kittredge's is a study of immense erudition. He gives the Puritans a clean bill of health in the witch business by using the same argument that would be used were one to state that the Methodists had nothing at all to do with the defeat of Governor Smith, for some of them voted for him. He absolves King James I completely, and brings out a book which bears the gold seal of Harvard in which "truth" in Latin is made to look as though it were three words.

WANTED: AN ADEQUATE HISTORY OF VIRGINIA

By George Morgan

IN THE first volume of his "History of Virginia," Jefferson's contemporary, John Burk, that "ardent, sanguine and bold genius" who died a duelist's death, saw fit to assert: "The materials for a correct history are diminishing every day; the war [of the Revolution] has already made a melancholy chasm in our public records." In confirmation, Dr. Henry Read McIlwaine tells us, in one of the State Library publications, now under notice, that all of Governor Patrick Henry's letter-books, and one of Governor Jefferson's, are missing from the Archives. Probably they were carried off by the British, who, in the Arnold

Executive Journals of the Council of Colonial Virginia. Vol. I (June 11, 1680-June 22, 1699); Vol. II (August 9, 1699-April 27, 1705); Vol. III (May 1, 1705-Oct. 23, 1721). Vol. I was published in 1925; Vol. II, in 1927; and Vol. III, in 1928. *Official Letters of the Governors of the State of Virginia. Vol. I, The Letters of Patrick Henry (July 1, 1776-June 1, 1779); Vol. II, The Letters of Thomas Jefferson (June 1, 1779-June 3, 1781).* Vol. I was published in 1926; Vol. II, in 1928. H. R. McIlwaine, General Editor. Richmond, Virginia: The Virginia State Library. $5.00 a volume.

and Tarleton raids, were not only bent on securing negroes, horses, and family silver, but were snatching up evidence that might justify the King in hanging rebels—or, as the humorously secretive old Tory, Nicholas Cresswell, called them, in his lately reprinted "Journal," "slebers." We suspect, too, that other wars made other documentary chasms, especially the War of 1861-1865; and, in the more recent past, there has been at work a greater despoiler than war—most reprehensible irresponsibility and neglect on the part of a few Virginia courthouse custodians, who, undervaluing ancient records, have permitted the archives to be ransacked. A Philadelphia genealogist, visiting one of these courthouses some years ago, was shocked to see Patrick Henry letters and others of like importance thrown away, to "make room" in the official cubby-holes for latter-day papers of no historical value whatever.

But, really, the loss in Burk's day, or since, is trifling when compared with the gain. In co-ordinating, collating, revising, and indexing the mass of raw material now at Richmond, Dr. McIlwaine has executed a task of dusty drudgery which only a patient documentary expert in our colonial and Revolutionary history could have accomplished. In publishing these volumes, which hereafter will be found in the libraries of the various states, cities, historical societies, and universities, the State Library Board has done history a good turn. History and Virginia have been sisters a long, long time. According to E. Keble Chatterton, in his "Captain John Smith," that worthy himself once wrote: "History is the memory of time, the life of the dead, and the happiness of the living."

Much of the worth of source-books like these depends upon their inclusiveness and textual accuracy. Dr. McIlwaine has covered the ground, with due diligence and appreciation of values. Nor has he failed to illumine the dark corners with his footnote flashlight. He has used adequate discretion, too, being avoidful of asserting personal views

and of that which might provoke controversies. Indeed, we could have wished that, in printing the Patrick Henry letter of February 20, 1778, addressed to General Washington at Valley Forge, Dr. McIlwaine had explained its significance. With Henry's own letter went, as an enclosure, an anonymous one to Henry, dated Yorktown, January 12, 1778, intended to draw him into the Conway Cabal, which involved Gates, Reed, Mifflin, and Dr. Benjamin Rush, and which proposed to displace Washington in favor of Gates. Rush wrote it. Henry's exposure helped to puncture the Conway plot—and save America!

The Jefferson volume constitutes an important supplement to the available collections of his writings. Whatever may be said of other statesmen and jurists of the American constructive period, Jefferson grows, year by year. Dr. McIlwaine has retained one of the great man's peculiarities. Jefferson had a way of beginning his sentences with small letters. It is true he used the capital when an "I" was required, being in that respect different from General Andrew Jackson's staunch Pennsylvania supporter, General John Armstrong, who figures in our patriotic history. General Armstrong once wrote a resolution for the Pennsylvania Legislature commending General Jackson. A Philadelphia member criticized Armstrong's letter forwarding the resolution. "Sir," said he, to Armstrong, "it is the usage to write the pronoun 'I' with a capital letter." "Sir," thundered Armstrong, "when I write to General Jackson, I demean myself! Yes, sir! I use as small an 'i' as I can make, but if I were writing to a nobody like you I'd use an 'I' big enough to knock you down with!"

Numerous are the passages in which Dr. McIlwaine must have been obliged to scan every line with a magnifying glass. The text is notably archaic in Vol. I of the Executive Journals; but less so in the others, where the printing was modernized. Some of the difficulties encountered are due to errors made by colonial copying clerks; others to that bad

habit of abbreviation characteristic of the goose-quill age. But the editor's hardest work must have been to preserve the sense—the full meaning—of entangled sentences and puzzling passages. This Dr. McIlwaine has done with the utmost fidelity. As a result, we have here a succession of clear statements quite ready for use. Only those who have mastered manuscript entanglements quite understand the difficulties involved. Cutting the Gordian knot is disallowed your true student; he must untie if it take a whole day, or a week, or a month; and though well aware that a similar knot awaits him on the next sheet.

In going over these new volumes, and those previously issued by the State Library—not to mention such publications by the Library of Congress as "The Records of the Virginia Company of London"—one is impressed with the desirability of a new history of Virginia that shall be more inclusive, more consecutive and more complete than any now obtainable. It is true that something like this might be said of all the other States in the Union. Where, for instance, is there an outstanding history of Pennsylvania? But we are on the subject of Virginia at this moment; and we shall stick to our theme. We are, of course, loth to venture on this ground lest our contention be taken as a complaint rather than as a plea. We are bespeaking a sound and continuously readable history of Virginia that shall be a composite of the best scholarship past and present. Readability is a prime requisite. One has to be a student to gather up the numerous period-histories and, through them, obtain for himself a grasp of the whole Virginia story. To be a student of the sort requires more time than most of us have at our disposal. What most of us want is a straightaway narrative based on the soundest obtainable data and written with such skill as to impress itself lastingly upon us. A person may be very good at history, yet no historian—very useful to writers, yet no writer himself. An historian, justly noted for accuracy, may be deadly dull, yet never suspect

it. The historian, we submit, must see himself as others see him, must read himself as others read him—not an easy thing to do. Too many are so intent upon telling what must be told as to forget that they are also writing to be read.

No one need conclude that we mean to disparage our Virginia historians. We couldn't do that—wouldn't for the world. We know very well that they deserve high honor. Robert Beverley, in his "History of Virginia" (London, 1705), told truths that had the elemental merit of displacing lies. William Stith ("History of the First Discovery and Settlement of Virginia," Williamsburg, 1747) was an accomplished scholar and admirable historian—"Stith, the accurate." We have already referred to John Burk, whose three volumes (1804-6) were supplemented (1816) in a fourth by Skelton Jones and Louis Hue Giradin. Two pleasing writers, Robert R. Howison (1848) and Charles Campbell (1859) did important work, but more local and less interesting to the nation at large than the memorable volume of John Fiske—"Old Virginia and Her Neighbors" (1897). Prior to Fiske's achievement, students like Edward Duffield Neill—"Virginia Vetusta" (time of James I) (1885), and "Virginia Carolum" (under Charles I and Charles II) (1886)—had dug deep into the Commonwealth's foundations. Others wrote from the records, notably Alexander Brown—"The Genesis of the United States" (1890); "The First Republic in America" (1898); and "English Politics in Early Virginia History" (1901). A later book is Thomas J. Wertenbaker's "Virginia under the Stuarts" (1914). Philip Alexander Bruce's "Economic History of Virginia in the Seventeenth Century," in two volumes (1896), amounted to an achievement.

At this point, let us invite attention to the prolonged activities of a group of scholarly historians, genealogists, research men, and editors who have sent out from Williamsburg and Richmond, a great number of books, monographs,

pamphlets, and periodicals. One of the first periodicals was entitled "Collection of the Virginia Historical and Philosophical Society," and was edited by Jonathan P. Cushing, President of Hampden-Sidney College. A single volume was issued, 1833. Better luck attended William Maxwell, who put out six volumes of the "Virginia Historical Register" (1848-53). Vol. I of the "Virginia Historical Reporter" covered 1854-56; Vol. II, Part 1, was also issued, in 1860. Southern Historical Society Papers fill many volumes—thirty-five up to 1907; with a new series beginning in 1914 and continuing up to the present time. In 1893 appeared the "William and Mary Quarterly Historical Magazine," edited until 1921 by Dr. Lyon G. Tyler, lifelong specialist in Virginia history, biography, and genealogy, who is now issuing "Tyler's Quarterly." The second series of the "William and Mary Quarterly" is under the joint editorship of President J. A. C. Chandler and Librarian E. G. Swem. In 1894 also, the Virginia Historical Society began the publication of the "Virginia Magazine," edited by Dr. William G. Stanard; and now thirty-six volumes of that magazine are to be had in the libraries.

As for the biographies and collected writings of distinguished Virginians, how are we to tell of them—do more than hint of them? There are long shelves of them. There is a Washington bibliography that is already formidable, and constantly growing. So with Jefferson, Madison, Monroe, and John Marshall. The Revolutionary Lees and later Lees fill considerable space. Naturally the studies of the Richmond historical school have given rise to many books—Virginia, indeed, has a literature of her own—and to a notable array of magazine articles. Some of the more recent of these hundreds of articles indicate in their very titles numerous things the historian would be obliged to take account of. "Spell of Old Virginia," "Flower de Hundred," "Virginia an Aristocratic Oligarchy," "Democracy vs. Aristocracy," "Virginia a Gentle Dominion,"

"Virginia and the West," "What Our United States Owes to Virginia." Attention may well be directed, also, to a three-volume "History of Virginia" jointly and ably worked out by Dr. P. A. Bruce, Dr. Lyon G. Tyler, and Professor Morton. Its great value goes without the saying. Yet a still more comprehensive history of Virginia than any of those now existing might be written by an expert, or several consulting experts; though a work of the kind would necessitate great care, great labor, and, unfortunately, great expense. If done on the scale of the eight-volume "Narrative and Critical History of America," edited by Justin Winsor, 1889, it could be made to cover compactly and adequately Virginia's very varied story during its first three hundred years. It could best be made non-encyclopedic and effective if one fit man could take up the whole mass in his mind, establish there the origin, order, sequence, significance, and relative value of events, and, having fused them, direct the perfected product into the flowing current of his history.

Yes, but the one fit man? Where could he be found? And how would he live while at his long-continued labors? It is not easy, nowadays, to whistle up a Macaulay. We are pitching upon Macaulay, offhand, as an example of a writer who compels one to read him. We would have a newer Macaulay who takes note of economic causes—a fair-and-square Macaulay not carried away by his desire for antithesis. It is not possible to feed a genius on a diet of index-cards. Moreover, it hardly seems to be in keeping with the spirit of the age for one man to devote one long life to the history of one State. On the other hand, all these historians and historical students we have named have been preparing the way for our supposititious Macaulay, or Gardiner, or Green. They have been, or stand ready to be, his skilled helpers. "Time was," writes William B. Shaw, "when the historian was virtually compelled to collect his own library. Now the treasures of the Library of Congress,

the great university collections, the Boston Public, the New York Public and the special libraries in Boston, New York, Chicago, and a dozen other places are open to any reputable author." He might have mentioned the Virginia State Library. He might have added the Library of the Virginia Historical Society, as well as the Library of the Historical Society of Pennsylvania, where he could find not only a rich Virginia collection, including the "Calendar of State Papers," "Dinwiddie Papers," "Virginia County Records," and the like, but numerous source-tracers that might save him from making many trips to London. He would find at the Society's hospitable home, 1300 Locust St., Philadelphia, an astonishing array of beautifully indexed volumes containing Reports of the American Historical Manuscripts Commission, and he would have at hand one source of material not to be found elsewhere on this side of the sea —a unique set of 93 volumes, all pen-work, all copied from the British Board of Trade Journals, and covering the period between 1675 and 1782. At the Philosophical Society, Independence Square, Philadelphia, one finds the manuscript history of William Byrd, and other Virginia treasures.

Nevertheless, to London our would-be Virginia historian would have to go. That he would have to spend a long time in the British Public Record Office is quite apparent to anyone who examines a newly-published volume, edited by Cecil Headlam, entitled "Calendar of State Papers, Colonial series, America and West Indies, Preserved by the Public Record Office, 1714-15." In this one book there are three index-pages filled with references to Virginia. The British State Paper Office was set up in the Seventeenth Century; but, in 1853, was turned over to the Master of Rolls, and its documents removed to the centralized Public Record Office, Chancery Lane. Several series of Domestic, Foreign and Colonial Papers—from 1547 to 1775—have been calendared. As for the Colonial Records in the Amer-

ica and West India series, they begin in 1574. Bermuda, with its close Seventeenth Century relation to Virginia, is included.[1]

In this vast repository of manuscripts one might make real discoveries. Yet, while making them, one's beard would not only grow but grow white, unless he should employ a hundred sub-searchers and sub-historians to help him reconstruct the Virginia of Elizabeth, the Stuarts, and the Powhatan confederacy. That done, there would be other Virginias to put into the tale—Old Dominion, Mother of Presidents, great scene of civil strife, and finally the modern State.

One thing we rather regret: The present generation will hardly live to see what it has deserved to see. It has dearly loved "Old Ferginny." It has constantly exercised a species of piety in gathering together and verifying the contents of every chapter, the burden of every paragraph, the truth of every line, of the volume we are adumbrating; but the old students are fast passing; and must commit the unwritten book to those who follow.

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1. "The Calendars of State Papers . . . are not all of the desirable standard, either in scope or accuracy; and the original documents which they summarize have still their secrets to reveal. The records of the Admiralty Court have as yet been scarcely used, for of them there exist neither summaries nor even indexes; yet they teem with illustrative detail . . . and in some instances they provide facts that modify accepted views."—"Sir John Hawkins," by James A. Williamson, Oxford, 1927.

INTERPRETING THE OLD SOUTH

By J. G. de Roulhac Hamilton

THE "Old South," long a more or less mythical land of song, story, and tradition, is slowly but surely being revealed in all its reality by the ever growing stream of studies, based, not upon tender but defective memory, not upon imagination, more or less vivid, not upon tradition, but upon patient, tireless, and scholarly investigation of historical sources. And while the reality may seem to some less fascinating than the myth, to thoughtful readers and students, to genuine lovers of the South, it is more satisfactory, even if they do not enter as whole-heartedly, and withal as bitterly, into the revolt against the widely accepted notions of the past as did Broadus Mitchell in his recent "Slippers and Old Sorrel," in the Baltimore Evening Sun.

Of course Mr. Mitchell is quite correct in his belief that the time has come for realities rather than tender memories. The time, indeed, came long ago, and, to be entirely fair, the efforts of the writers of Southern history for the past quarter-century, in most cases at least, cannot fall under condemnation for lack of historical realism.

Politics in Southern historical writing still holds the center of the stage. This is to be accounted for in a number of ways. So many of us Southerners, for example, are naturally so politically minded that we cannot escape the fascination of the theme. Many, too, have been trained to believe Freeman's famous dictum, which used to adorn the door of the Johns Hopkins history seminar room, that "History is past politics," and are unable to perceive the error. Politics, too, offers an easier task to young and inexperienced writers than do economic and social movements

The Rise of the Whigs in Virginia, 1824-1840. By Henry H. Simms. Richmond: The William Byrd Press, Inc., $2.25. *Life and Labor in the Old South.* By Ulrich Bonnell Phillips. Boston: Little Brown and Company. $4.00.

and conditions. And, finally, of not least importance, the sources for political history are much more abundant and far more easily available than those relating to any other phase of the past of the South.

Mr. Simms has written a good, brief study of the rise of the Whig party in Virginia. It is carefully, accurately, and thoughtfully done. Based upon good use of all available sources, it is excellently documented. A doctoral dissertation, typically so, with all the stigmata of its class, it is stronger in details than in generalizations, in events than in larger movements, but it is meaty and convincing, proving quite conclusively the author's thesis that the Whig party in Virginia in its origins was a conservative movement of men of property, a blending of state's rights opposition to Jacksonian nationalism and of aristocratic opposition to Jacksonian social democracy.

"Life and Labor in the Old South" is, as its title indicates, a totally different sort of book. Mr. Phillips long ago won a recognized place of leadership in the interpretation of the ante-bellum South. Political history has had for him a place of only secondary importance; rather he has sought to fathom the depths which always lie beyond politics. Social and economic forces and habits have always engrossed his attention, and in this work is found the ripe fruit of his scholarly activity over a period of many years. So original in its approach to its subject as to be well-nigh revolutionary in form, it bears on every page the impress of a master hand. The certainty of the author's knowledge is quickly communicated to the reader who presently finds himself guided into the past by an intimate of that past, and made genially acquainted with the people in their daily living. One drifts along, paying little attention to events but watching with keen enjoyment the habits, practices, and occupations characteristic of the Old South. And what a charming as well as informed guide the reader has; frank yet restrained, able to stand and watch it all move past with

a certain detachment and poise which make his judgments seem eminently sound, sympathetic in his complete understanding of it all yet not unduly prejudiced, serious in his intense interest, yet possessed of a touch of friendly humor which adds to the pleasure of the companionship.

Only a brief discussion of the origins of the Southern states is given as a setting, and that deals exclusively with ways of working and living. The stage set, we are introduced to the growing of cotton, tobacco, cane, rice, and indigo; to the transportation and marketing of the crops; to slavery in all its ways. We meet the masters, visit their fine old plantation homes from Virginia to the Gulf States, and live their life with them. We study plantation economy and oversee the overseers. And a panorama of wonderful views supplement the words of the guide.

It must be said that we see little of town life, pay scant attention to industry other than agriculture, neglect entirely business and the professions, and watch little labor other than that of negro slaves. Perhaps one is ungrateful to criticize such an illuminating entertainment, but these are things worthy of attention. One misses, too, the plain folks of the South who after all made up the bulk of its people. Only one brief look is given them. Of course they were inarticulate and we know little of them; of course they did not, after all, shape, as did the plantation owners, the destinies of the Old South; but presently their steadfast heroism in the battle to preserve the civilization here portrayed was to win for them, as well as their "betters," an imperishable glory, and I, for one, find myself wishing to know them more intimately.

All of which does not prevent the book from being a real event in American historiography.

FOOTNOTES TO HISTORY

By Marie G. Kimball

I

THE revival of interest in our early history which the last dozen years have witnessed, has brought about certain curious phenomena. None is more so than the tendency for picking up odd bits of information about various characters or events, appending them to documents usually already well studied and published, and printing the result with a loud hurrah. This has been done with increasing frequency during the past few years, both under the guise of scholarship and in those books designed, as they say, to make a lowbrow feel highbrow. To be sure, it is difficult for a country to accumulate very much history in three short centuries of existence. Doubtless this offers an excuse for studying and restudying such as we have.

Three volumes have recently been issued under the patronage of the *Institut Français de Washington,* with the diligent M. Chinard as editor. The *Institut,* described as "an association *to promote* in the United States of America the study of French civilization and history, literature and art, and *to preserve* the memory of French contributions to the development of American civilization"—an aim which at other times and in the other cases has been anathematized as propaganda—has published, as its "Cahier I," "The Treaties of 1778," which have many times received the attention of able scholars and are here rejuvenated with an introduction by James Brown Scott. The contribution consists in the preamble taken from a minute in the handwriting of Charles Thompson, recently found in the Library of Congress.

Historical Documents, Institut Français de Washington: Cahier I, The Treaties of 1778, $2.50; Cahier II, Lafayette in Virginia, $2.50; Cahier III, L'Enfant and Washington, $3.00. Edited by Gilbert Chinard. Baltimore: The Johns Hopkins Press. *Colonel William Smith and Lady.* By Katherine Metcalf Roof. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. $5.00.

Cahier III, "L'Enfant and Washington," "published and unpublished documents now brought together for the first time," assembles Washington's letters and L'Enfant's reports, earlier printed in the "Records of the Columbia Historical Society," and scattered letters in other publications, with certain new material, chiefly from the L'Enfant-Digges-Morgan Collection at the Library of Congress. It is interesting to have all this together, but the added documents do not in any way change the conclusions already reached by Jusserand in 1916 in his "Major L'Enfant and the Federal City," here reprinted as an introduction. L'Enfant remains the proud, quixotic, difficult genius; it is still hard to see how the authorities could have acted otherwise than they did.

In Cahier II, "Lafayette in Virginia," the papers are all unpublished but certainly add little to our knowledge, as indeed the editor indicates when he remarks with a modesty bordering on inferiority complex: "Such as they are, the historical and human value of these documents amply seems to warrant their publication." They confirm that Lafayette showed real abilities, and that Jefferson (contrary to charges still current in spite of frequent refutation from the evidence) seconded him quite as effectively as his military successor in the Governorship, General Nelson.

II

In "Colonel William Smith and Lady" Katherine Metcalf Roof has written a book that is at once annoying and full of human interest. From the mélange of published and unpublished papers out of which the author has evolved the biographies of William Smith and his wife, only daughter of John Adams, the journal and letters of Abigail Adams emerge as the most interesting document. These, first published in 1841, have, of course, long been known to students of the period. Abigail's fresh comments on Euro-

pean society and manners, her naïve acceptance of the superiority of New England to heaven itself, as when she says, "After all, neither Mount Edgcomb nor Plymouth, or any other place I have seen in Europe, will bear comparison to Milton Hill," are, however, as diverting today as when they were directed to her friends in 1787. It is unfortunate that the author has felt it necessary to dress up the forthright charm of these old letters with comments that can only be described as somewhat saccharine and cheaply witty.

For the rest, Mrs. Roof has made the mistake of trying to cast into heroic mould the figure of a young man of volatile and engaging personality, who made a brilliant beginning as aide to General Washington and secretary to Ambassador Adams. Unfortunately, the Colonel's abilities were not such as would enable him to rise to greater heights. When well past his first youth, after having made a great deal of money in real estate speculation and having filled various political posts to which his distinguished father-in-law succeeded in having him appointed, Colonel Smith became involved in the Miranda expedition. The author takes occasion to lay all blame for this and for the Colonel's subsequent trial for violation of the neutrality laws of the United States, at the door of Thomas Jefferson, who has recently likewise served as scapegoat, at the hands of another writer, for Edmond Charles Genêt, quite overlooking the fact that the charges against the executive were withdrawn by the very man who had presented them to Congress. The popular sport of baiting Jefferson goes on with happy indifference to any documents except those favorable to the authors' contentions. It is so comforting to their biographers not to blame L'Enfant's chimerical insubordination, Genêt's overweening rashness, Burr's ambiguous ambitions, and Smith's amiable mediocrity, but to saddle all their failures on the shoulders of Jefferson.

BIOGRAPHIES — FOR BETTER, FOR WORSE

By Archibald Henderson

ERA of debunking is not Golden Age of biography. To choose a constricted mode of depicting the human soul is to bare a narrow soul. But it is the soul of the biographer, not the biographed, that is thus stripped naked to the gaze. Away with flabby faces smirking in white smoothness, the lines of character, experience, passion, sin, ironed out in dread of the world's scorn! Bring on the true image, honestly limned, courageously painted — lacking the meretricious allure of distortion maybe, the intriguing zest of the trivially vicious, but rich in the strong indicative colors of a ripe humanity.

For all the fanfare over the new biography—so genially described by Nicolson and Maurois, so graciously practised by Bradford and Strachey—much of the biography of the day is strained and artificial, or colorless and dull. The imitators of the new methods fall awkardly between the two stools of crass literary inexpertness and leering petty maliciousness. The stolid practitioner of stereotyped, chronological narration creates a disproportionate impression of the old fashioned against the glittering contemporary tapestry of psychography and psychiatry. Mowat's "Lord Pauncefote," basic with its solid underpinning of document, leaves somehow unrevealed the secrets of that leonine dignity and massive success associated with the name of the great ambassador. He is identified with his achievements, rather

Life of Lord Pauncefote. By R. B. Mowat. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. $5.00. *John Wesley.* By Arnold Lunn. New York: The Dial Press. $4.00. *John Wilkes Booth.* By Francis Wilson. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. $4.50. *Andrew Jackson.* By David Karsner. New York: Brentano's. $3.50. *As God Made Them.* By Gamaliel Bradford. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. $3.50. *Foch Speaks.* By Major Charles Bugnet. New York: The Dial Press. $3.00. *Rabelais.* By Anatole France. New York: Henry Holt and Company. $5.00. *Henry the Eighth.* By Francis Hackett. New York: Horace Liveright. $3.00.

than revealed through them. This is a sound, reliable narrative of the When, the Where, and the How, but not of the Why. A more vivacious note is struck by Lunn in his "John Wesley"; an easy frankness carries along the narrative, with its unbroken contact with the sheerly personal and graciously cultural aspects of the intensely human divine. There is much of antiquarian interest and historical appeal in the extraordinary, long-deferred story of the life of John Wilkes Booth, Lincoln's assassin, and of the myths which have haunted that shadowed memory. It is fitting that Booth's story should have been told by a distinguished actor, Francis Wilson, who devoted many years to tracking down the elusive legends and deceptive old wives' tales which veiled from the public gaze the truth about this, perhaps the most execrated man in American history. Wilson satisfactorily disposes of all the fantastic stories about Booth's escape and of the many claimants to the dishonor of having slain Lincoln. He makes it abundantly clear that Booth was mentally unbalanced, and that the murder of Lincoln was the ghastly histrionic gesture of a madman. The illustrations to this volume are exceptionally interesting, for rarity and the power of evoking the atmosphere of a period.

The wave of recent interest in Andrew Jackson seems to be dying on the shore in Karsner's mild splash. In the mellowing haze of the kindly years, Jackson is now wearing the halo of "the gentle savage." Biography here takes the guise of straightforward narration and factual exposition. Jackson lends himself to passionate defence, olympian irony, contemptuous detraction—never (save for school children) to pure story-telling. His biography remains unwritten. Karsner locates his birthplace in North Carolina, on the basis of Parton's array of testimony—a contention confirmed by very recent researches.

Portraits of some nineteenth century Americans, in his familiar manner and with his deliberate method, are dex-

trously limned by Bradford. With an assurance justified by wide approbation, Bradford ventures to present them, not without a touch of humor, "As God Made Them." Webster, Clay, Calhoun, Horace Greeley, Edwin Booth, Francis James Child, and Asa Gray file before us in stately procession, rather solemn-visaged all—taking themselves seriously and disporting themselves in the grand manner. Even Clay, the inveterate card player and heavy drinker, is presented with singular convincingness as a very great figure — "essentially, constructively, triumphantly American." Clay's ideal has surely never been better expressed: "The impetuous impulse of Clay was to let the youth, the vigor, the creative spirit of triumphant America sweep in untrammeled activity whithersoever it would, secure that a benevolent Providence would guide it in the future as it had done in the past." The essay on Webster, perhaps unconsciously derogatory, is rather in the nature of special pleading. Calhoun is presented as a tragic figure, a man who towered in intellectual power and the faculty of abstruse reasoning far above all but two or three of his contemporaries; but whose life was embittered by his long, unsuccessful aspiration to the Presidency. The subtle and illuminating comparison of these three figures—each with the other two—is an impressive example of biographic art.

Foch speaks, indeed, in the rather ingenious volume conscientiously compiled by his aide-de-camp, Major Charles Bugnet. For eight years Bugnet was thrown into association with the great marshal, and sedulously recorded his utterances, almost as they fell from his lips. This is not a biography, in the conventional sense; it is the work of a human phonograph catching the words of a great man through a period of mighty stress and vast responsibility. It makes fascinating reading—if taken in snippets. It is the authentic material, vital and veracious, of which biographies may be made.

Anatole France's "Rabelais" embodies the substance of

a series of lectures he delivered in South America in 1909. Here is no titillation of sensual appetites, no Rabelaisian biography of a Rabelais—a task of which the famous French exponent and practitioner of the philosophy of sensualism was pre-eminently capable — but a patently heavy, laboriously scholarly analysis of Rabelais' writings, learned and astute. We prize it less for the portrait of Rabelais—surely neither full-rounded nor deep-hued—than for the rich and intricate embroidery of the background.

Gleaming like a red, coruscating beacon upon a mountain top is Hackett's truly brilliant "Henry the Eighth." It is "fine writing" in every sense but the derogatory—a pure example of a work of style, painstakingly polished—a glittering gem without the hardness and the cutting edge. A colossal figure is this Henry—vanity, egoism, hardihood, courage; hideously cruel, shockingly bloodthirsty, grossly sensual; a powerful statesman, the creator of a Church—a subject for the master psychiatrist. This book is like a succession of brilliantly colored Bayeux tapestries—a dazzling film of rapidly moving snap-shots of men, women, and events, which give a startlingly vivid impression of more than a life—of an age.

THE BEST BOOK ON FASCIST ITALY

By Stringfellow Barr

NO OTHER book on the market can compete with Schneider's "Making the Fascist State" in giving the American reader an accurate and orderly knowledge of that welter of ideas and actions that is Italian Fascism. Professor Schneider's contribution derives not merely from his wide acquaintance with the background of Fascism, with the political philosophies which

Making the Fascist State. By Herbert W. Schneider. New York: Oxford University Press. $5.00.

served to justify it and the political exigencies that gave it power, though he has this sort of knowledge in abundance; the uniquer side of his contribution is the deftness with which he forestalls the American reader's questions. What does "Fascism" mean? Where were the first *fasci?* How does the ex-Socialist Mussolini justify his right-wing activities? Or is Fascism indeed opposed to Socialism? Where does the ecstasy and exultation that characterize Fascism come from? From just high spirits, or from some large historic perspective of national destiny? Or from both?

Professor Schneider is a sure guide through the maze of postwar Italian life, just because he knows not only that life, but also which aspects of it are certain to puzzle his American visitor. Though a thoughtful scholar, he has not been ashamed to serve at the same time as a good newspaper reporter, a reporter who sees accurately but who also knows the deficiencies of his public. Nor should I wish to be understood as congratulating him on writing a book which though too superficial for the initiate, would help the first wandering steps of the student of Italian current events. There is plenty of meat in his book and, in the "Selections from Fascist Literature and Documents of Fascist History" which he prints as an appendix, for the most seasoned student of Fascism.

The book is neither a defense nor an indictment, though the author has too much sense to try to conceal his amusement at Fascist extravagances—or are they human extravagances on fertile Fascist soil? This willingness to see both sides, a far better quality than real "detachment," has fitted him peculiarly to discuss Fascist ideology and Fascist legend in relation to fact. Whoever reads this book will soon find out why Fascists feel they have evolved not only an efficient government but a new political philosophy. Professor Schneider knows the sources of that philosophy, but better still he knows why Fascism turned to those particular sources for its pabulum.

This practical, comprehensible survey of Fascist Italy deals with Italy's intervention in the World War; with the "squadrist" movement which bears painful resemblances to our postwar Klan and which arose to challenge socialism; with the transformation of Fascism from a sporadic and pervasive movement to a cohesive parliamentary party; with the curious marriage of Fascism to socialism which is expressed in the Corporate State; and perhaps most interestingly of all with what the author terms "Fascist culture." In the last connection, Professor Schneider surveys Futurism, Gentile's philosophy of idealism, educational reforms, Fascist art, Fascist morals, and the aristocratic concept which Fascism opposes to "equality."

"Making the Fascist State" should be read by every person proposing to visit Italy and interested in contemporary life there, and by every person here who tries vainly to follow in the news despatches the shifting Italian scene. It is a pity that a book of such unique merit, published in such an attractive format, should exhibit so many typographical slips. Let us hope they will be corrected in the second edition which the book deserves.

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"The Dark Journey" (Harper. $2.50). I've come to expect a certain type of excellence from both of these writers, and they never disappoint me. "They Stooped to Folly" carries the high comedy of "The Romantic Comedians" (Doubleday. $2.50) to an even higher level, and "The Dark Journey" is dark enough and powerful enough to put beside "The Closed Garden" (Harper. $2.50). Incidentally, *Ellen Glasgow* was one of the judges who awarded *Green* the $10,000 Harper Prize for his novel.

But it's more invigorating to talk about the books that are yet to come. "All Quiet on the Western Front"—or maybe it was *Arnold Zweig's* "The Case of Sergeant Grischa" (Viking. $2.50) of last year that should bear the responsibility—should certainly be held guilty of the new World War that is scheduled for the fall. Germany lines up with *Remarque's* book, *Ludwig Renn's* "War" (Dodd, Mead. $2.50), and the anonymous "Schlump: The Story of a German Soldier" (Harcourt. $2.50). So far "All Quiet" has borne the brunt of the attack; *Renn* ought to have made a good shock division, but apparently didn't. As a book it's certainly in the class with "All Quiet," but it seems to have been overlooked in the popularity of the earlier book. "Schlump" hasn't appeared yet, but its anonymous authorship make me think it will be what the reviewers call "very revealing." England — Canada, rather—will join in the fray with *Peregrine Acland's* "All Else Is Folly" (Coward McCann. $2.50); the preface is by *Ford Madox Ford.* I used to say that I would read anything that had a preface by *Ford,* but he's become so prolific lately that it's hard to keep up with him. America comes in late with *William T. Scanlon's* "God Have Mercy on Us" (Houghton Mifflin. $2.50) and *Mary Lee's* "It's a Great War" (Houghton Mifflin $2.50) — both to appear late in October. *Ernest Hemingway's* "A Farewell to Arms" (Scribners. $2.50)—it manages a bit of war interest along with its Boston-banned sex—will also be out about

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then. And *Howard W. Odum* has achieved a *tour de force,* or cut a Gordian knot, or something like that, by combining the interest in the Negro in literature with war interest in his "Wings on My Feet" (Bobbs Merrill. $2.50): it's the story of the war experiences of the Black Ulysses of "Rainbow Round My Shoulder" (Bobbs Merrill. $2.50). The book is already out, but I haven't seen it. Two other books from abroad that bear on the war are *Ernst Glaeser's* "Class of 1902" (Viking. $2.50) and *Emil Ludwig's* "August 1914" (Putnam. Price unannounced). *Glaeser's* book is the story of a German boy who grew up while the war was going on. If it is a success it should start the post-war generation off on a campaign to explain itself—and that will mean a new epidemic of books. *Ludwig's* book isn't fiction, but a study of what went on after the Sarajevo murder. My guess is that it will be a highly dramatized rendition of the findings of the war guilt historians. . . . And before I leave the war books, there's *Floyd Gibbons's* "The Red Napoleon" (Cape and Smith. $2.50) to talk about. In case you find the World War a bit too tame, try it. It's an ingeniously imagined journalistic forecast of the next war in the form of a novel—the story of the world-shaking Tartar attack on white civilization in 1934. It's guaranteed to make you vote for a big navy.

Still there are other novels for the not so bloodthirsty. In fact, nearly every author who was ever sanctified with a blurb seems to be on the fall list. Just consider these titles, and pick your favorites: *Edith Wharton's* "Hudson River Bracketed" (Appleton. $2.50), *Donn Byrne's* "Field of Honor" (Century. $2.50)—the novel he was finishing when he died—*Maristan Chapman's* "Homeplace" (Viking. $2.50), *Anne Parrish's* "The Methodist Faun" (Harper. $2.50), *Zona Gale's* "Borgia" (Knopf. $2.50)—a modern novel, and not what it sounds like—*James Branch Cabell's* "The Way of Ecben" (McBride. $2.50), *Fannie Hurst's*

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BY DR. S. PARKES CADMAN

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"Five and Ten" (Harper. $2.50), *Stark Young's* "River House" (Scribners. $2.50), *Louis Bromfield's* "Twenty-four Hours" (Stokes. $2.50), *Mazo de la Roche's* "Whiteoaks of Jalna" (Little Brown. $2.50), *Ruth Suckow's* "Cora" (Knopf. $2.50), *Robert Nathan's* "There Is Another Heaven" (Bobbs Merrill. $2.00), and *Liam O'Flaherty's* "The House of Gold" (Harcourt. $2.50). That's a list—and I could add more—that should offer one or two items for any literary taste. I'm staking my bets on *Young* and *Cabell*—but there's no explaining Peter Quince's taste! The *O'Flaherty* book also appeals to me; I've never read any of his earlier novels, but he writes like a genuine poet. It's curious how suited the titles are to the authors. "Five and Ten," for instance — doesn't that fit *Fannie Hurst?* And "Hudson River Bracketed" might do for a terse summary of *Edith Wharton.*

And, of course, there will be the usual importations of novels from abroad. The chief sensation ought to be *Maxim Gorki's* "The Bystander" (Cape and Smith. $2.50), which is scheduled to appear in October. *Gorki* certainly ranks among the foremost of living writers, and this is his first novel in some years. It will be the first section of one of those immense novels which only a Russian would undertake; *Gorki* intends to give a panorama of Russian life over a period of forty years. *André Gide's* "The School for Wives" (Knopf. $2.00) will be another event; it should be of particular interest to those who have read *Gide's* articles in the Virginia Quarterly. *André Maurois* is also coming forward with some Gallic wisdom on the relationship of the sexes, in his novel, "Atmosphere of Love" (Appleton. $2.50)—it seems that mere Anglo-Saxons are in need of advice on this subject! From England comes news of a new book by *Hugh Walpole,* "Hans Frost" (Doubleday. $2.50), *J. B. Priestley's* "The Good Companions" (Harper. 2 vol. $5.00), and *Francis Brett Young's* "Black Roses" (Harper. $2.50). *Young,* by the way, is mentioned by some over

BLAKE AND MODERN THOUGHT

By DENIS SAURAT

Author of "Blake and Milton", etc.

THE number of Blake's devotees increases from year to year. In this book Professor Saurat regards him as a thinker, and through an examination of his vast, mystical and highly personal mythology, which makes his longer poems so unintelligible to the casual reader, shows him to us as a philosopher born out of season also, a profound, misunderstood forerunner of the days that were to be.

Denis Saurat is a Frenchman, a Doctor of the Sorbonne, head of the French Institute in England, Professor in the University of London. His "Milton, Man and Thinker" is a classic of research. For imagination and brilliance allied to sound scholarship he has few rivals in his field, the study of English Letters.

Octavo. Illustrated from Blake's Drawings. $4.00

FOCH SPEAKS

By MAJOR CHARLES BUGNET

The Authoritative Personal Memoirs of Foch by his Aide-de-Camp and Confidant

THIS book gives an intimate personal portrait and is very largely composed of the Marshal's own words, taken down by Major Bugnet during eight years of friendly association.

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there in the same breath with *Walpole* and *Galsworthy*. Dutton is bringing out *Henry Williamson's* "The Beautiful Years" ($2.50), the first volume of the tetralogy of which "The Pathway" (Dutton. $2.50) formed the last book. *Susan Ertz's* "The Galaxy" (Appleton. $2.50) is already here, and gets my commendation as a finely written novel dealing with the transition from the Victorian to the modern in London. I've not read any of her earlier books, but I expect to be on the lookout for what she does in the future. *Naomi Mitchison's* "Barbarian Stories" (Harcourt. $2.50) is another importation which I welcome. They make a treat for the historical-minded reader; the author carries you from the early bronze age to the barbarians of 1935 in a series of vivid short stories. "The Omnibus of Crime," edited by *Dorothy L. Sayers* (Payson and Clarke. $3.00) also finds a place; its thousand pages are filled with mystery and detective stories chiefly from England, and they have more new thrills for American readers than the several American collections.

The fall list is considerably calmer than last year's in respect to sea adventure books. *Thomas W. Broadhurst's* "Blow the Man Down" (Dial. $2.50) and *F. V. Morley's* "East South East" (Harcourt. $2.50) both make rather mild splashes after the heavy breakers of the *Joan Lowell* adventures—and both are frankly fiction. That brings me back to *H. M. Paull's* "Literary Ethics" (Dutton. $3.75), which is a book that can be read with pleasure by laymen and with a certain amount of profit by publishers and authors. *Mr. Paull* makes an exhaustive study of the various kinds of fraud and trickery that have been practised in the writing of books; some of the methods used might make a bucket-shop broker blush—or *Joan Lowell!*

If the fall novels start another World War, the fall biographies will certainly start another presidential campaign. *Calvin Coolidge* does not choose to speak until November, when his "Autobiography" (Cosmopolitan. $3.00) will ap-

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pear. *Al Smith* will beat him to it with his life story, "Up to Now" (Viking. $5.00), which appears in October. The two, side by side on your bookshelf, perhaps with *Paxton Hibben's* "The Peerless Leader: William Jennings Bryan" (Farrar and Rinehart. $5.00) in between, ought to be able to stir up a campaign speech among any of your friends. I'm interested in seeing what the Bryan book will be like—I can't think of a more difficult man to estimate fairly. *Thomas Beer's* "Hanna" (Knopf. $5.00)—a biography of Mark Hanna, Bryan's great opponent—is another book of the same period that I'm eager for. "The Mauve Decade" (Knopf. $3.50) has shown how *Beer* can strike off a picture of a period; his new book will attempt a much more spectacular panorama of political life from Lincoln to Taft. . . . Of course the old favorites in American biography will be with us again. "George Washington," by *Shelby Little* (Minton, Balch. $5.00), "George Washington, 1777-1783," by *Rupert Hughes* (Morrow. $5.00)—the third volume of Hughes' long biography — "Thomas Jefferson: Apostle of Americanism," by *Gilbert Chinard* (Little, Brown. $5.00), "La Fayette," by *Brand Whitlock* (Appleton. 2 vol. $10.00) "Benjamin Franklin: The Apostle of Modern Times," by *Bernard Faÿ* (Little, Brown. $5.00)—such books prove the inexhaustibility of the Fathers of the Republic as subjects for continual re-evaluation and re-interpretation. The *Faÿ* and *Chinard* volumes, however, should have special value as giving French interpretations of the two Americans of the Revolutionary period who meant most in Franco-American relations. Of particular interest to Southerners are *Marquis James's* "The Raven" (a life of General Sam Houston) (Bobbs Merrill. $5.00), *Philip Alexander Bruce's* "The Virginia Plutarch" (N. C. Press. 2 vol. $7.50), and *Allen Tate's* "Jefferson Davis" (Minton Balch. $3.50). *Bruce's* work is a genuine Plutarchian attempt to cover the lives of the great Virginians of history. Two other biographical items for the Southern li-

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brary are *Marietta Minnegerode Andrews'* "Scraps of Paper" (Dutton. $5.00), and *Lizette Woodworth Reese's* "A Victorian Village" (Farrar and Rinehart. $3.00); the first gives memories of Washington from the Civil War through the World War; the second covers Baltimore for nearly the same period. But *the* book of the fall for its historical interest is *Claude G. Bowers* "The Tragic Era: The Revolution After Lincoln" (Houghton Mifflin. $5.00). Beginning with the assassination of Lincoln, *Bowers* traces the threads of hatred and intrigue which led to the horrors of the Southern Reconstruction and which made the period the most corrupt in American history. Though it is not deliberately Southern in its sympathies, it makes easy reading for the unreconstructed, for *Bowers* does not hesitate to point out the feet of clay of many of the Northern idols.

Napoleon more than any other man seems to fascinate the biographical mind. *Pierce Clark's* "Napoleon: Self-destroyed" (Cape and Smith. $3.00) attempts to explain him by the methods of psycho-analysis, but the essential mystery and fascination of the man remains unsolved. *Dimitri Merezhkovsky's* "Life of Napoleon" (Dutton. $3.00) is still another attempt; how successful I can't say, as I haven't read it. One of the most readable "inside stories" of a military leader is *Major Charles Bugnet's* "Foch Speaks" (Dial. $3.00). As aide-de-camp to the Marshal, *Bugnet* seems to have spent his time taking down his superior's statements word for word. The result, however, is much more entertaining than one might expect from such a method of composition. . . . *Raymond Recouly's* "Foch and the World War" (Appleton. $3.00) promises more light on the Allied Generalissimo. From generals to kings is only a short jump, and I'm glad to see that *D. B. Wyndham Lewis* is going to cap his very fine "Villon" (McCann. $3.00) with "King Spider: Louis XI of France" (McCann. $5.00)—Louis XI and Villon were products of the same age, and should get the same biographer. Royalty appears again in *Sydney Dark's*

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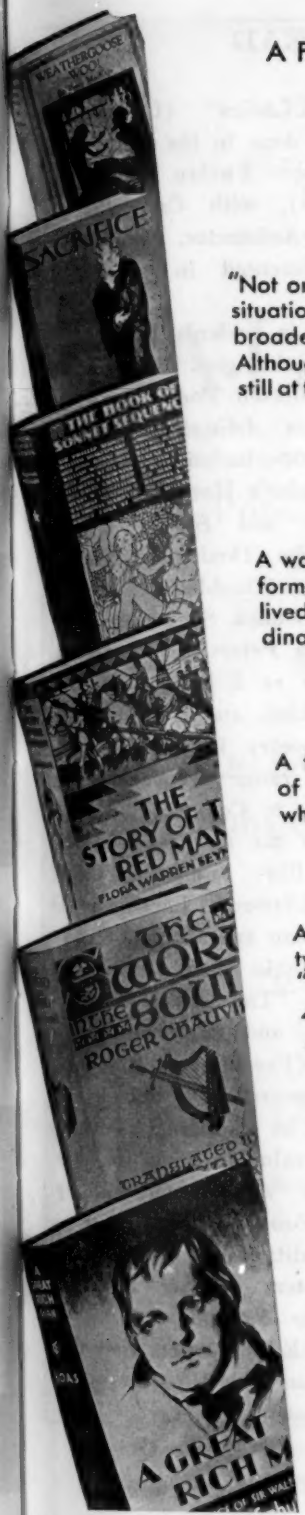

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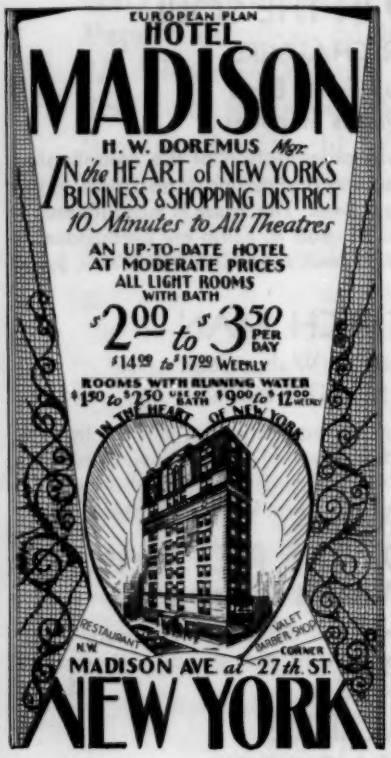

EXERCISES for the dedication of the Wilmer Ophthalmological Institute will be held October 15 and 16, 1929, under the auspices of the Johns Hopkins University, the Johns Hopkins Hospital and the William Holland Wilmer Foundation. An appropriate program has been arranged including the following addresses: "The Development of Ophthalmology in Europe", by Hofrath Ernst Fuchs, of the University of Vienna; "Some Contributions and Phases of American Ophthalmology", by Dr. George E. deSchweinitz, of the University of Pennsylvania; and "Color Vision and Its Anomalies", by Sir John Herbert Parsons, of the University of London.

"Twelve Royal Ladies" (Crowell. $3.00), which is done in the same manner as his earlier "Twelve Bad Men" (Crowell. $3.00), with Catherine de Medici, Marie Antoinette, and their royal sisters presented in sharp vignettes.

Poetry is most in evidence this fall in collections and anthologies. Among the poets whose "Collected Poems" are appearing are *Edwin Arlington Robinson* (Macmillan. $5.00—including his latest poem, "Cavendar's House"), *D. H. Lawrence* (Cape and Smith. 2 vols. $5.00), *J. C. Squire* (Doubleday. $2.50), and *Robert Graves* (Doubleday. $2.50). "The Book of Sonnet Sequences," selected by *Houston Peterson* (Longmans. $3.50) is, so far as I know, the first anthology of its kind, and is well worth the money for poetry lovers. The sequences included range from those of Sidney and Donne to Conrad Aiken and Edna Millay. Of the new poetry *Malcolm Cowley's* "Blue Juniata" (Cape. $2.00) and *R. Ellsworth Larsson's* "O City Cities" (Payson and Clarke. $2.50) offer experiments in new technique; *Countee Cullen's* "The Black Christ" (Harper. $2.00) and *Hervey Allen's* "New Legends" (Farrar and Rinehart. $2.00) haven't appeared yet, but I expect them to be as excellent as their predecessors. A valuable book for students of poetry is "Austin Dobson," by his son, *Alban Dobson* (Oxford. $5.00): it contains, in addition to *Alban Dobson's* notes, chapters by *Sir Edmund Gosse* and *George Saintsbury*. And—but the Managing Editor insists that the next page is for an advertisement, so I must keep quiet until December.

—PETER QUINCE

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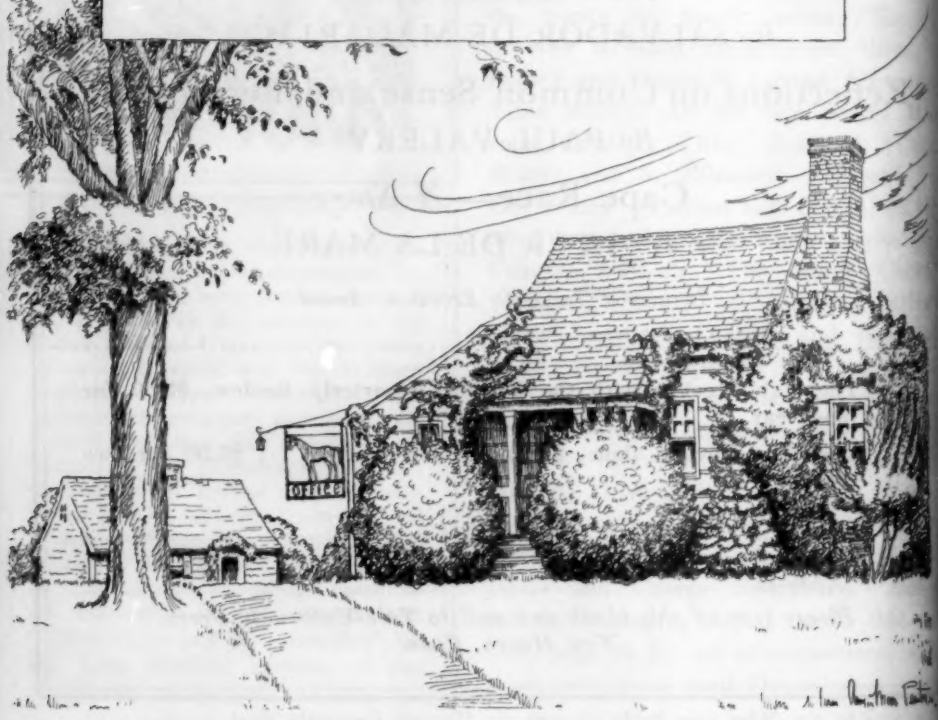

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